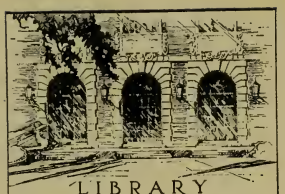

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W. M. Davies

CHATSWORTH;

OR,

THE ROMANCE OF A WEEK.

EDITED BY THE

AUTHOR OF "TREMAINE," "DE VERE," &c.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER,
GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1844.

London :
Harrison and Co., Printers,
St. Martin's Lane.

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CHATSWORTH.

THE ROMANCE OF AN EVENING.

Chapter V.

While Don Carlos proceeds on his errand to the Corregidor's, and Flora hastens (which she instantly did) on hers to the house of Octavio, we must return to Antonio de Mendoza.

As soon as he had assisted in safely housing Octavio and his mistress, it occurred to him that, as the presence of a third party was not likely to be very welcome under the circumstances in which the lovers were now placed, and as he did not see any immediate danger of their retreat being discovered, or their happiness interrupted, he might as well attend to

his own affairs, and proceed at once to get through the ordeal of his first interview with his affianced bride and her brother. He therefore immediately went to the post-house, in search of Ernesto, who was acquainted with the way to Henriquez' residence, and who had also received the key of the suite of apartments assigned to Don Antonio, in case of his arriving at an hour when he might choose at once to retire to rest.

Antonio having found Ernesto, they proceeded at once to the house of Henriquez; and just as Carlos had left Henriquez in the garden, to go in search of the Corregidor (as above related), a servant entered, and informed his master that a cavalier, named Don Antonio de Mendoza, was in the inner hall, waiting to see him.

This blow seemed to crown at once the rage and disappointment of Henriquez. To think that the noble Antonio should arrive, to wed his sister, at the very moment when he had received

the news of her disgraceful flight with another, and while he was still uncertain as to the results of that flight, and even ignorant of the person with whom she had fled, so completely exhausted the small stock of patience which the prudent counsels of Carlos had infused into him, that he felt it impossible to see Antonio with any chance of being able to conceal the emotions which agitated him. As, moreover, it was indispensable to conceal from Antonio, what had happened, at least while there was any hope of the mischief being repaired by the interference of the Corregidor, Henriquez determined at all events not to see Antonio for the present. He, therefore, desired the servant to inform him that his master, not expecting his arrival that night, was not at home; but that all things were prepared for his reception, in the suite of apartments the key of which had been given to the servant who had announced his possible arrival.

Antonio, on the other hand, was not a little

surprised at being so long left alone in the hall, and at the air of mingled confusion and desolation which seemed to reign throughout the house of his intended brother-in-law, especially as Ernesto informed him that when he had visited it scarcely two hours before, it was thronged with domestics, and a model of order and propriety.

By the time the servant returned who had been sent to announce his arrival, Antonio and Ernesto had wandered into an ante-room which led out of the hall, and which was lighted as if company had lately quitted it; and there the servant found them on his return, and obeyed the directions he had received.

"Why, sure," said Antonio to Ernesto, after he had waited here for a short time, somewhat impatiently, and not very well knowing whether to retire to his own apartments, or wait the coming of Henriquez, or return at once to Octavio,—whom he determined at all events to see again that night, in case his assistance

might be needed—"why, sure, Ernesto, you have led me to the wrong house! This can never be the mansion of my intended brother-in-law Don Henriquez, and his lovely sister, for such you have described her. At any rate, if the lady no more resembles the picture you have drawn of her than the house does that which you say you visited two hours ago, my bridal is like to be as cold as my reception."

"For the surpassing beauty of the lady, Sir, I'll be sworn," said Ernesto; "and by the same token I am not like to have mistaken the house; for this I'll swear is the very chamber —adjoining to that of the lady herself—in which I lately saw her, attended by a pretty waiting-maid, whom she called Flora, and by a stately lady in a veil. Nay, Sir," continued Ernesto, stepping towards the half-open door of an inner apartment, "if I am not marvellously deceived, yonder is the lady herself, lying on a couch. Her back is turned this way; but that air and shape are not to be mistaken. It is

she! and see, Sir, she rises, and is coming this way."

The reader has been apprised of the accidental circumstance by which Antonio's servant, Ernesto, had been led to mistake Camilla for Portia, at his first interview with her; and also of Camilla having retired alone to the chamber of Portia, as soon as Flora had left the house to inform Octavio and her mistress of what had passed in the garden, relative to the discovery of their retreat, and the measures of Henriquez and Carlos in consequence. Here Camilla was, then, waiting, in a state of the most painful anxiety, for the return of Flora; and here Ernesto beheld her, and immediately recognised the lady whom he had lately addressed as his future mistress.

He had scarcely done so, when Camilla rose from the couch on which she was reclining, and laying down a book that she held in her hand, came forward towards the chamber where Antonio and Ernesto were waiting.

Antonio, finding from the last words of Ernesto, that he was on the point, as it appeared, of standing so unexpectedly in the presence of his affianced bride, was collecting his somewhat fluttered thoughts for the occasion, and did not look at Camilla till she had fairly entered the outer apartment:—when, what were the feelings of both—the rush of mingled surprise and ecstasy that seemed to hurry through *his* heart; and the throng of anxious sensations,—whether of fear or of hope she could scarcely tell,—which took instant possession of *hers*—on their mutually beholding,—*she*, the saviour of her honour, and the subject of her secret thoughts and dreams from the first moment that she saw him; *he*, the only being who had ever moved his soul to other thoughts than those of honour and renown, but to whom even honour and renown themselves had become as nothing, in the presence of her all-absorbing image, which haunted him like a bright vision, day and night.

For several moments both remained silent, and as if spell-bound by the variety of emotions that seemed to crowd upon and impede each other; and Antonio, for his part, entirely lost all memory of place, circumstance, and name: and only felt that he was once more in the presence of her who had seemed to fix his destiny the first moment he beheld her, but whom he had involuntarily taught himself to believe he should never behold again—nay, almost that he had never beheld her at all, in sober reality, but only as a vision of the brain!

At length Antonio spoke, but still without addressing himself to Camilla.

"Do I see aright?" exclaimed he, "or is this but a mocking vision of the mind, sent at this moment, to tax me with my broken allegiance to that bright being whose form it imitates, and for whom (though I must never behold her again) I ought still to have kept holy those secret vows which I then plighted, on the altar of my own ravished heart?"

At this (to him) altogether unintelligible rhapsody, Ernesto became almost as much perplexed as the rest of the party.

"Vision! Sir!" exclaimed he; "why this is the Lady Portia, as I told you before—the beautiful sister of Don Henriquez, your intended bride, and my future mistress."

Finding that his master still remained silent, (though a total change of expression, from a wondering curiosity, to a dawning of intense delight, took place in his countenance, as he kept gazing on the lady,) Ernesto turned to Camilla.

"Madam," said he, with a somewhat exaggerated show of deference and respect, "this is my master, Don Antonio de Mendoza, whom your ladyship's brother, Don Henriquez, expected to-night, and for whom I was honoured with your ladyship's commands some two hours ago. Had not your ladyship better speak to him? for he seems so rapt away from himself (by the sudden sight of your ladyship's beauty,

no doubt), that he does not seem to be aware in whose presence he stands."

"Heaven and earth!" exclaimed Antonio, passionately—his tongue once more regaining its office—"is it possible that my fate, which I have long been impiously bewailing, can have worked this miracle of happiness in my favour, and that the only being I ever have loved or could have loved, is the one destined to be mine? If this be a truth, Lady, oh! confirm it to me with your own lips—else I could not trust to it, though it were told me by a messenger from heaven!"

The generous and gentle Camilla, who had by this time somewhat recovered from the first surprise of seeing Antonio, perceived that she had a most difficult part to act, if she would at once assist the views of her cousin Portia, and yet not destroy her own hopes, which were so delightfully revived within her by the words of Antonio. At all events she determined not to undeceive him as to her

name; and for the rest, she thought it, upon the whole, best to escape as soon as possible from his presence, lest the happy mistake into which he had fallen, should not have time to work its own effects, before it was discovered by the return of Henriquez, or by any other untoward event.

While Camilla was pausing on these considerations, Antonio grew impatient of her silence, and again exclaimed—

"Oh, speak to me, Lady! Be pleased to confirm my bliss, or to dispel it—for these doubts, that throng upon me at your silence, are worse than the worst certainties that can displace them. May I believe that you will be mine—and that your heart is not wholly without those feelings towards your servant, with which his has burnt, almost to consuming, towards you, since the moment that he was so blest in serving you?"

Camilla had by this time gathered up her scattered thoughts, and she replied,—

"I should be unworthy of the vast service you once rendered me, Sir, if I did not still feel—as I ever have, and ever shall—the deepest gratitude towards him who rendered it—a gratitude which is enhanced, to a degree that it perhaps becomes me not, under my present circumstances, to express, by the sentiments which you have just been pleased to express towards me. My own sense of justice does not permit me to say less than this; and the generosity of Don Antonio de Mendoza will not require me to say more, at an accidental meeting of this kind, which should not in strictness have taken place, and which, therefore, must not be prolonged in the absence of my brother. Permit me to retire; which, however, I will not do without adding, that this meeting, strange and unexpected as it is, has given me the sincerest joy, if it were only from the occasion it has afforded me of saying, that the happiness of the person to whose valour and generosity I owe so

much, will always be dearer to me than my own."

Saying this, Camilla retired into the inner apartment from whence she had come, not without congratulating herself upon having preserved her own truth and delicacy, and possibly secured her future happiness, without in the smallest degree compromising the interests of her cousin Portia.

Chapter VI.

Camilla's words had left Antonio in an ecstasy of delight; which, however was speedily and somewhat inopportunely interrupted, by the abrupt entry of Henriquez, who, not expecting to find any one in this apartment, was passing hastily through it, and did not perceive Antonio till it was too late to retire and avoid him.

The confusion into which Henriquez was thrown by this unexpected encounter, was too evident to pass without observation by Antonio—who, however, attributed it to the same cause (whatever that might be) which

had produced the strange alteration described by Ernesto as having taken place in the appearance of the house and family, since his visit to them in the early part of the evening. But Antonio was too fully possessed by his own thoughts and feelings to pay much attention to mere outward appearances, with which, moreover, it did not seem that he himself was at all personally concerned. He therefore received the embarrassed greetings of Henriquez, without particular notice; and as the latter was still collected enough in his thoughts to know that he must at all events conceal, for the present, what he deemed the disgraceful flight of his sister Portia, he began to make numerous apologies for the state in which Antonio found his house and family—with a view to induce his immediately taking up his abode for the night in the distant suite of apartments which had been assigned to him: thus gaining time, till the

morning at least, to repair, if possible, the fatal mischiefs that the last two hours had brought about.

"Don Antonio will readily conceive," said he, "the embarrassment I feel, at seeing him at a moment like this—when extraordinary circumstances (which I will fully explain hereafter) have thrown my house and family into a state of disorder ill fitted for the due reception of so noble a guest. You must have been surprised," he continued, growing more embarrassed as he spoke—"you could have little expected——"

"Little indeed!" exclaimed Antonio, interrupting him eagerly, and attributing his hesitation to the circumstance of his having been acquainted with the previous meeting between Antonio and his supposed sister—"Little did I expect to find that the Lady Portia, sister to Don Henriquez——"

"Hell and fury! he knows all then!" exclaimed Henriquez inwardly, at the same

time starting, and putting on a look of mingled rage and embarrassment, which effectually stopped Antonio, for the moment, from proceeding in what he was about to say, relative to the adventure on the Limbourg frontiers.

Meanwhile Henriquez, thinking that the words of Antonio could refer to nothing but the late flight of his sister Portia, and that consequently all was lost, was about to say that the peculiar circumstances in which he was placed, must compel him to defer an explanation of the extraordinary affair till the morning, when Antonio eagerly interrupted him, by exclaiming—

"Oh, my dear Don Henriquez, all explanation is unnecessary. I have just been made so more than happy by the sight of your beautiful and noble sister, and by her gracious reception of my suit, that I would have begged your permission (late as it is) once more to throw myself at her feet, and sanc-

tioned by your presence, offer the homage of those vows which her delicacy would not permit her to listen to for the first time during your absence. But the truth is, an affair of the utmost urgency, in which the honour and happiness of a dear friend is nearly concerned, compels me to quit your house for a short period. In the mean time, my servant here, Ernesto, has the key of the apartments you have been good enough to assign me,—and he will attend me, in case I should be detained beyond the usual hour of your family retiring to rest. Farewell till the morning, then. Commend me to your virtuous and accomplished sister, and bid her believe that nothing can exceed the bliss which the unexpected sight of her has caused within me, but that which must attend the hour which makes her wholly mine. Once more farewell!"

And he immediately departed; leaving Henriquez in a state of utter astonishment at his words, and unable to collect from them

any distinct impression whatever, as to Antonio's knowledge or ignorance of what had lately happened.

"The sight of her!" he exclaimed,—"what can he mean? why he never *has* seen her! Her delicacy—virtue—the hour which makes her his?—What can he mean?"

Then, after a few moments' pause, he added, with an expression of unutterable rage on his countenance—

"Is he mocking me? If I thought——" and he put his hand to his sword as he uttered the words. "And his going out again at this late hour——"

At this moment Henriquez was interrupted, and his whole thoughts turned into a new channel, by the sudden entrance of his friend Don Carlos, who, with marks of the utmost haste on his countenance, bade Henriquez instantly follow him, as the Corregidor was ready with his men, and not a moment was to be lost in endeavouring to secure the fugitives.

Henriquez was at first following his friend without a word: but just as they were leaving the apartment, a sudden thought seemed to strike him, and he turned back, saying—

"Stay! I must return for a moment to my sister's chamber."

"Return!" exclaimed Carlos, eagerly, "what madness! Why a moment's delay may be fatal to our hopes—the villains may escape, and laugh at us for ever! Come away, I beseech you!"

And he almost forced Henriquez to follow him; thus leaving the Lady Camilla safe in the apartment of her friend Portia.

Chapter VII.

We must now return to the party at Octavio's house. Cowardly and blundering as Diego was in performing his services, he was still faithful to the interests of his master; and therefore, when he found out the fatal error he had fallen into, in mistaking one of Don Henriquez' party for his master's friend, Don Antonio, and thus permitting their retreat to be traced, he, after some delay, apprised his master of what had happened.

This information threw the whole party once more into the utmost difficulty and consternation; for, knowing the hasty and vindictive character of Henriquez, and, more-

over, his connexion and relationship with the Corregidor, he could not for a moment doubt that, ere long, measures would be taken, against which Octavio could not hope to offer any successful resistance, and that, in fact, nothing was left but a second flight. But whither could he fly at that hour of the night, without the certainty of meeting with impediments which the unfortunate necessity of concealing his name and station would prevent the possibility of his overcoming?

And even if they could hope to escape observation, where could he place the Lady Portia, so as to keep her innocence free from those scandals it would have escaped if he could have married her forthwith; as, but for this unhappy discovery of their retreat, he had intended to do? At any rate, whatever became of *him*, something must be thought of as to the disposal of Portia. He therefore ordered Diego to fetch a sedan chair instantly.

The lovers had scarcely had time to bewail

their perverse fate—thus in sight of happiness, and yet compelled to suffer an immediate and perhaps final separation, as the *best* that they could hope for—when Diego returned, saying that it was past the appointed hour for the chairmen to be in attendance, and that though he had found some of them over their wine and cards, they swore they would not stir for all the Dons in Seville.

There was now evidently nothing left but for Octavio himself to go in search of them, and either force or bribe them to accompany him. He therefore commanded Diego on no pretence to open the door during his absence, to any but his friend Antonio; and then he immediately hurried forth towards the rendezvous of the chairmen.

Octavio had scarcely turned the corner of the street, before Antonio, coming in an opposite direction, reached the door, attended by a servant, and was instantly admitted by Diego. Portia immediately explained to

Antonio, as her lover's friend, the perilous situation in which they were now placed, by the blunder of Diego in permitting their retreat to be traced; and also the unlucky cause of Octavio's momentary absence; and while Antonio was warmly offering his services, and considering how he could best assist in disposing of the Lady Portia on Octavio's return, a hurried sound was heard at the outer door, and immediately after, Flora entered the apartment, almost speechless with haste and anxiety, and scarcely able to explain, except in substance, what she and Camilla had overheard in the garden, as to the discovery of their retreat, and to assure them that in fact the Corregidor and his people must at that very moment be on their way, to force an entrance into the house, on the plea of the parties concealed within it having attacked Don Henriquez in his own garden, with an intent to murder him.

This news raised the misery of Portia to

its height; since it was evident to her, as well to Antonio, that she must not even wait for the return of Octavio, if she would hope to escape being again placed in the hands of her cruel brother. Still, however, she felt that, to act for herself under these circumstances, desperate as they were, was impossible; and she could only look with an appealing sadness to Antonio—as if her fate, as well as that of her lover, now depended solely upon him.

After seeming to consider within himself for a few moments, Antonio at length said:—

"It is evident, Madam, that if you stay till my friend Octavio's return, all will be lost. Yet to urge your instant flight, and leave him to the peril of the circumstances that surround him, is what the love with which I see you honour my noble friend would forbid me to do,—but that I think I see a hope of your both still escaping from the dangers that (I must say) so justly alarm you. Will you then trust your person and safety to the

honour and conduct of your husband's friend? for so I still hope you will speedily call Don Octavio. Hard by I have a suite of apartments, provided for my reception, in the house of my intended brother-in-law, a noble gentleman of this city. There, if it please you, I will instantly conduct you. Beneath the protection of his roof you will not only be safe from immediate danger of discovery, but when discovery does (as I fear it must) take place, his name and influence may greatly aid your views, and those of my friend Octavio. Besides which," added he, seeing a momentary fear and hesitation pass across the anxious countenance of Portia,—"the noble and virtuous lady whom I hope to-morrow to call my wife, will, I am confident, be happy to offer you that sympathy and care which none but a female heart can duly feel and render to your distressed condition."

This last consideration at once determined Portia to accept the offer of Antonio, and sur-

render herself entirely to his guidance and direction. After dispatching Diego, therefore, in search of his master, to inform him of what had been determined on, and bidding Ernesto and Flora wait on the spot, the former to conduct Octavio, if circumstances should permit, to the apartments of Antonio, and Flora to watch his motions, and bring word of his retreat, in case he should be obliged again to conceal himself,—Antonio and Portia proceeded together towards the house of Henriquez; not, however, without making so many turnings and windings, to avoid encountering any one whom they saw approaching at a distance, that Portia presently lost all knowledge of the direction in which Antonio was leading her.

Chapter VIII

Leaving the above-named party to pursue their anxious way, we must still remain with the party who are keeping watch at the house of Octavio.

The situation of Ernesto and Flora induced them very soon to scrape acquaintance togegether; and the former scarcely had time to expatiate on the gallant generosity of his master, Don Antonio, in quitting *one* Lady Portia (his own bride), almost at the moment of his first introduction to her, in order to assist *another Lady Portia* (the bride of his friend); and Flora herself had scarcely done wondering at the curious coincidence of the two ladies bear-

ing the same name,—when Octavio returned, accompanied by the chairmen he had been seeking, and eagerly demanded his mistress.

He was at first a little perplexed by the explanation of her absence, which was afforded by Ernesto; for Diego had missed him on the way, and was not yet returned. But when Flora added her testimony, as to the absolute necessity of the step, and repeated to him the conversation between Don Henriquez and Don Carlos, which she and the Lady Camilla had overheard in the garden, he became reconciled to the arrangement, and at once determined to follow his friend's advice, and repair to the offered asylum of his apartments. He, therefore, immediately entered the chair he had procured for the conveyance of Portia; desired Ernesto to conduct the men to his master's apartments; drew the curtains closely round him; and the whole party were presently on the move, followed closely by Diego and Flora.

They had scarcely turned the corner of the street in which the house of Octavio was situated, before a noise of many voices was heard behind them, as if in pursuit; and a few moments after, the whole party were arrested by the officers of the Corregidor, attended by that functionary himself, and also by Don Carlos; Henriquez having been with much difficulty persuaded, by the joint entreaties and arguments of his two friends, to remain at the house of the Corregidor, till news should be sent him of the success of their mission; for they justly considered, that if his hasty and violent temper did not wholly frustrate their hopes of securing the party who had so insulted his pride and wounded his family honour, it would at least endanger the attainment of that safe and complete vengeance which the unfortunate events of the early part of the evening seemed to have placed within their reach.

As the chair stopped, which was conveying

Octavio, and the voices of those without reached his ear, he but too well guessed the cause of the confusion; and his heart sank within him, as he almost yielded up the last hope that had hitherto supported him through the conflicting events of the evening. Still, however, he determined not to risk, by a rash and hasty discovery of himself, and an appeal to what would evidently be a hopeless violence, any chance of escape that might yet exist, in the shrewdness and promptitude o Flora, and the faithful sagacity of Diego, both of whom he knew must be in attendance. He, therefore, sat perfectly still in the chair, with the curtains closely drawn around him and listened with the utmost anxiety to all that passed.

As the Corregidor and his party had not actually seen the chair and its attendants come out from the house which had been pointed out as the retreat of the fugitives of whom they were in search, they did not think it prudent to

proceed to extremities, without first questioning the attendants, and thus ascertaining who it was that the chair contained. Accordingly, while some of the officers placed themselves on each side the chair, to prevent the possibility of its occupant escaping, the Corregidor proceeded to question Diego and Flora.

As for Diego, Don Carlos had, at the first encounter, recognised him as the confidential servant of Octavio; so that little more seemed necessary to convince them that they were right in their conjectures, as to the persons of the rest of the party. But just as the Corregidor was ordering one of his men to lift up the veil by which Flora's face and the greater part of her person were concealed, it occurred to Don Carlos that, as there was little doubt *this* must be Portia herself, (while Octavio, as feeling the more occasion for strict concealment, had himself been persuaded to occupy the chair,) it would be well to spare to all

parties an unnecessary exposure; as all they sought at present was, to secure the persons of the fugitives. He, therefore, begged of the Corregidor that he might be permitted to speak to the lady privately, and apprise her of the necessity of submitting herself at once to the authority of the Corregidor.

In the mean time Flora, quick as she was at expedients, had scarcely collected her scattered thoughts, and was still uncertain as to the course she should take, when the Corregidor prevented his officer from lifting her veil, and Carlos stepped up to her and was about to speak; but she interrupted him by stammering forth, in a confused manner,

"It is I, Sir, Flora; pray save us from disgrace, Sir! My poor lady desired me to——"

"Enough, enough, Flora," said Carlos, interrupting her, "speak softly; I understand. Bid your lady sit still in the chair, and say

nothing; and I'll try what can be done to prevent further mischief and exposure from his unhappy adventure."

He then stepped up to the Corregidor, and explained to him his supposed discovery while Flora whispered to Octavio that they mistook him for her mistress, and begged him for the present to remain passive, at least till it should appear whither they proposed to convey the chair.

It now became evident to Don Carlos and the Corregidor, that though they had secured the chief object of their search, the offending party had again escaped them for the present They, therefore, dispatched some officers back o the house of Octavio, to secure all whom they should find there; and then proceeded to consult on the most eligible mode of disposing of the fair prisoner whom (as they thought) they *had* secured.

The two things which, above all others, they must seek to avoid on behalf of the Lady

Portia were, the exposure of her name and person to strangers, and the immediate fury of her incensed brother. And, as it was clear that, under all the circumstances, the matter had better, if possible, be hushed up, so far as related to the Lady Portia, it was at last determined on, that the most effectual means of bringing this about would be, to carry her to the house of Don Carlos himself, who was her near kinsman, and where she would remain in the society, and under the immediate protection, of his sister, and her own friend and cousin, the Lady Camilla.

This, therefore, was the course they finally proceeded to adopt; and as the officers had by this time returned from the house of Don Octavio, with tidings that no traces of Octavio were to be found there, the chair and its occupant were, for the better avoidance of publicity, committed to the care of Don Carlos, and the Corregidor dismissed his officers Then taking leave of his friend, he

left the remainder of the party to pursue their way to the house of the latter, which, as we have before stated, adjoined that of Don Henriquez.

As for Octavio himself, Flora took care to intimate to him all that was going forward; and as he knew the naturally generous and honourable disposition of Don Carlos, and moreover felt that the unhappy circumstances in which he was placed left him nothing but a choice between evils that seemed almost equally desperate, he determined on permitting himself to be carried to the house of Don Carlos, and endeavouring, when there, to conciliate his good offices, by affording him a frank explanation of all that had taken place relative to his passion for the Lady Portia, and her willing flight with him, from the tyranny of her brother.

Chapter IX.

In the mean time, Don Antonio had safely conducted Portia herself to the apartments which had been assigned him in the house of Don Henriquez; while the close veil in which the lady was wrapped, and the partial darkness, (to say nothing of the anxious fears which must have wholly absorbed her attention during the way,) effectually prevented her from observing whither she had been led.

As Ernesto had been left with Flora at the house of Octavio, Antonio himself had taken possession of the key which commanded the private entrance to the apartment assigned him in the house of Henriquez. He therefore, to avoid exciting attention to

his return, entered without knocking; and having assured Portia that she might now consider herself in perfect security within those walls, he left her for a few moments, in order to procure lights, adding, as he went out, that if she was not already retired to rest, he would immediately inform his affianced wife, *the Lady Portia*, of her arrival and misfortunes, and engage her speedy attendance.

In a few moments Antonio returned with lights; and Portia had scarcely time to ask him (as she did with some surprise) whether she had heard aright, that the lady to whose kindness she was to be indebted, was named Portia, and to learn in reply that it was so,—when Antonio begged to be again excused for a few moments, saying that he would almost immediately return to her, accompanied by that lady.

On being again left alone, Portia's thoughts were for a few moments turned aside from the

extreme difficulty and painfulness of her situation, by the singular circumstance of her being thus about to receive the protection and good offices of a person bearing her own name. "But though our names are one, how sadly different our fates!" thought she; "I, separated from the man I love—perhaps for ever—and surrounded on all sides by danger, difficulty, and perhaps open shame and disgrace; —while she is on the point of being united to a noble and generous husband, whose love for her may be safely judged of by the generous sympathy which he so evidently feels for the misfortunes and miseries of others!"

Self-absorbed in thoughts and reflections like these, Portia had scarcely as yet moved her eyes from the spot on which they fell, as she seated herself when Antonio last left the room. She now, however, looked around, and as she did so, started; for what was her mingled horror and astonishment, on perceiv-

ing that she was actually in the house of her own brother, Henriquez.

Portia could scarcely credit her senses at first; but when she was no longer able to doubt them, she almost gave herself up to utter despair. Her first impulse was, to believe that she had been inveigled back into her cruel brother's power, by some one devoted to his interests, and who had yet contrived, by some means or other, to gain the entire confidence of her lover, Octavio.

This last thought deeply aggravated her fears, since it seemed to point at the almost inevitable destruction of Octavio himself: for was quite evident, from what she had seen pass between them during the course of the evening, that he placed the most unlimited reliance on the aid and counsel of this Antonio. But how to act in this sad emergency? —and with whom should she consult?—for there could be no doubt (she thought) that now she had once more fallen into her bro-

ther's power, she should be totally cut off from the society of her friend Camilla, and also from the aid which she might otherwise have received from the plans and devices of her faithful Flora.

Filled with the sad and bitter reflections which came thronging upon her from this new misfortune, Portia at last almost gave herself up to a kind of wilful despair; and bursting into a passion of tears, she covered her face with her handkerchief, and seemed to abandon all hope of again escaping from the unnatural tyranny of her brother.

She had sat but a few moments in that attitude, when Antonio re-entered, leading in Camilla, who, it will be recollected, was left anxiously waiting the return of her cousin Portia, in that lady's apartment in her brother's house. The countenance of Camilla seemed to be expressive of some susprise as she entered; which, however, passed away as Antonio addressed her.

"I hope I need not assure you, madam," said he, "that I am fully aware no mere words of mine can sufficiently excuse the liberty I am taking, in thus early introducing to your temporary protection and good offices one who is a total stranger to you. But I trust that the virtues and misfortunes of this lady will plead my excuse for a step which nothing but the most peculiar circumstances could have induced me to take. I will leave it to this lady herself to relate to you the unhappy situation in which she is placed; for it is of so pressing a nature, that I must instantly seek your noble brother, with a view to engage his advice and influence, in extricating her from the perils which surround her. I will only add further, that she is the affianced bride of my most dear and valued friend."

So saying, he turned round and quitted the apartment; and almost at the same instant Portia removed the handkerchief from befor

her face, and she and her cousin Camilla recognized each other!

The wonder and perplexity of each were raised to their height by this extraordinary encounter. Camilla, however, had presence of mind enough to perceive that, from whatever inexplicable mistake the meeting might have been brought about, the good that might be hoped for from it must inevitably be frustrated, if Antonio should succeed in finding Henriquez, and consulting with him on the matter. She therefore instantly called to him to return; but his quick good-nature had carried him out of hearing, and it was evident that the friends had nothing left but to consult with each other, as to what was next to be done, in order to secure Portia from again falling into the hands of her brother.

First, however, they could not avoid entering into a few mutual explanations, in regard to the singular events of the evening, which had, after at first so strangely sepa-

rating them, now brought them so still more strangely together again.

The reader having, in virtue of his ubiquity, been present at all the events referred to in these explanations, need not be troubled with a repetition of the explanations themselves. But it may be well to remind him of their result, so far as they affected the future plans and prospects of the two friends who are now before him.

In the first place, then, it was now clear to Portia, that the person who had just assisted her to escape from the hands of her brother and the Corregidor, was no other than Antonio de Mendoza, with whom her brother himself had contracted her in marriage; that he had arrived in Seville that very evening, for the express purpose of fulfilling the contract; and that, moreover, this same Antonio de Mendoza was the very person who had so gallantly saved Camilla, and afterwards so strangely (as it seemed) abandoned her, on

the Limbourg frontier, and to whom she had so irrevocably given her affections.

In the next place, it was evident that the mistake arising out of the accident of the borrowed veil, at the interview between the ladies and Antonio's servant Ernesto, was still acting upon Antonio, and that he fully believed Camilla (and not Portia) to be his affianced bride, and the sister of Don Henriquez. It was equally evident, to Camilla at least, that when he discovered the mistake, he would instantly abandon his contract with Henriquez, at whatever risk or cost, and continue his allegiance to her; which allegiance according to his own assurances, had only been laid aside, from the supposed impossibility of his ever again being in a situation to offer it, and from that utter disappointment of heart and hope which made him indifferent to what might be the colour or aspect of his future lot.

With regard to this latter point, however,

Portia was at first by no means satisfied; and she could not effectually get rid of the fear that Antonio had been playing her false, out of revenge for her rejection of his suit, till Camilla fully detailed all that had passed between herself and Antonio after his recognition of her as the *unknown* of the adventure on the frontiers, and which details the modesty of Camilla had at first induced her to withhold.

This explanation entirely satisfied Portia of the purity and generosity of Antonio's views in assisting her; and it now only remained to determine how she might be concealed from her brother's sight and knowledge till the morning; by which time it seemed at least within the bounds of possibility that something might be effected, by the united interference of Antonio and Carlos, to calm the rage and disappointment of her brother Henriquez, and at least save her from his violence, if it could not smooth

the way to a union of all parties according to their wishes.

The friends thus saw a gleam of hope once more enlivening their sad prospects, and their sanguine tempers were leading them to magnify it into a brightening blaze of sunshine,—especially when they recollected that there was a private door opening from one house to the other, by the aid of which Portia might be conveyed from her brother's power, for the night at least, and thus afford time for the interference of Antonio and Carlos.

The absence of Antonio in search of Henriquez rendered it necessary not to wait even for the assistance of Flora, in putting this new plan in practice; for even if they had been disposed to trust the whole circumstances to Antonio, and look to his aid for the removal and concealment of Portia, it was too late to think of this now, as it was more than probable he would be accompanied, on his return, by Henriquez himself.

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Chapter X.

Thus matters stood, then, and Camilla was on the point of accompanying Portia to the private apartment of the former in the adjoining house, when Antonio returned alone, and necessarily changed the whole course of their prospects and projects.

At first the friends scarcely knew whether to consider this return as fortunate or not; since at any rate it seemed to force upon them the very questionable step (as it still appeared to Portia) of disclosing to Antonio the whole circumstances of the case. They were destined, however, to be too speedily relieved from this momentary uncertainty.

Antonio had scarcely expressed his surprise and regret at the absence of Henriquez from home, and Portia was on the point of making up her mind to tell him all, when Henriquez himself entered the apartment! Notwithstanding his promise to Don Carlos and the Corregidor, that he would wait at the house of the latter till intelligence should be brought him of the result of their expedition, his impatience grew so great as he reflected on the extraordinary assertion of Antonio, that he had seen and conversed with Portia at her own apartments, at the very moment when every body believed she had either fled or been carried off,—that at last he could no longer control his desire of returning home, and endeavouring to unravel the mystery there. Accordingly, he arrived as we have just related, and was more than ever lost in astonishment, at seeing Portia and Camilla conversing with Antonio.

Each party perceived the other at the same

moment; and Antonio immediately turned to Henriquez and addressed him, saying that he had sought him anxiously, and was most happy at his return, as he had immediate need of his advice and assistance, in favour of some valued friends whom untoward accidents had placed in a most perilous situation.

"All is lost, then!" thought Portia and Camilla, as Antonio proceeded, yet they did not dare to stop him; and he continued—

"Here is a lady with your sister, Don Henriquez——"

"Yes—I see, and know her," interrupted Henriquez.

"Ah!" exclaimed Antonio, with an expression of pleased surprise; "then you will, I trust, the more readily excuse my boldness."

"In what?" said Henriquez, his astonishment increasing at every word he heard.

"In being the occasion," replied Antonio,

"of your finding her here, with your fair sister, at this unseasonable hour of the night."

"The surprise that I feel," said Henriquez, "at finding these ladies here, is indeed greater than I can express. But I trust, Don Antonio, that my sister Portia—that her late absence——"

Here Henriquez hesitated; for he was utterly at a loss what even to think, much less to say, under the unaccountable circumstances in which he found himself placed; while Antonio, on the other hand, thinking, from the manner of Henriquez, that he was about to take offence at what had been done, eagerly interrupted him.

"I am fully aware, Don Henriquez," said he, "of the great liberty I am taking, in thus begging permission that this lady may remain with your sister, Donna Portia, till the morning. But I hope the extraordinary circumstances which induce me to make this request,

and which I will immediately explain to you, may excuse——"

"Excuse! my dear Don Antonio," said Henriquez; "why what is there in my sister Portia and her cousin passing the night together, that snould call for this ceremonious asking? On the contrary," continued he, looking sternly at both the ladies, "it is most fit some one should remain with my sister, after what has passed."

"Are they so near akin?" thought Antonio to himself; "then it is most lucky I proceeded no further with my explanations."

"Had you not better retire to your chamber, ladies?" said Henriquez, sternly, after a few moments' pause; and they were glad to adopt his hint without further delay, so anxious were they to be once more alone together, that they might endeavour, if possible, to disentangle the web of perplexities which seemed every moment thickening around them, and also determine whether or

not it would *now* be expedient to adopt the precaution of Portia withdrawing from the house of her brother, until they could ascertain the nature of his views respecting her.

Thus, too, were Antonio and Henriquez again left alone together, both equally anxious to receive, and fearful of affording, those explanations which the words and conduct of each had made so necessary to the other.

In the midst of this state of mutual doubt and perplexity, Antonio did not fail to recollect that he had appointed privately to receive his friend Octavio, at his apartments; and this must be about the time his arrival there might be expected. And as he now perceived that the relationship which it appeared existed, between Octavio's mistress and the family of Henriquez, rendered secresy more than ever important, he determined at once to seek his friend; thus escaping from the present necessity of any further explanations, though at the expense of remaining in

a state of complete doubt and uncertainty, as to the strange and mysterious manner and conduct of Henriquez, during every interview that he had with him in the course of th evening. Antonio, therefore, informed Henriquez that he had left some arrangements unfinished, which required his particular and immediate attention; and then he abruptly left him.

Don Henriquez, on his part, was not sorry for an occasion that freed him from the immediate necessity of referring, in any way, to the events of the evening, in the presence of Antonio; to say nothing of the utter perplexity in which he still found himself, as to the true nature and results of those events. He was therefore glad of Antonio's abrupt departure, however unaccountable the motive for it; and he presently set himself to ponder, somewhat more soberly than his fiery temper usually permitted him to do, on the present posture of affairs; which, though he felt that

it would require the skill of an Œdipus to unravel them, he was fain to confess, did not wear quite so desperate an aspect as they had hitherto done since the ill-timed arrival of Antonio.

Leaving Henriquez to his own meditations for a few moments, we must once more return to the party which we lately left in so very doubtful a predicament, at the corner of the street where Octavio's house was situated.

It will be recollected how inopportunely their intended progress to the private apartments of Don Antonio, in the house of Don Henriquez, had been interrupted, and the place of their destination so unluckily changed, for the adjoining house of Don Carlos. Hither, however, they all arrived safely, and without further impediment; though not without Octavio's feeling, all the way he went, that his situation was but little less desperate than it would have been if he had permitted himself to be taken by the Corregidor.

On the arrival of the party at the back door of the apartment to which Carlos had directed them to be carried, Carlos himself,—having seen them all safely housed, by sending Flora and Diego in first, and then placing the chair in the door-way, so as to preclude the possibility of its occupant quitting it in any direction but that which opened immediately within the apartment,—ordered Don Henriquez' servant to close the door outside, and dismiss the chairmen. He then instantly repaired to the house of the Corregidor, thinking to find Henriquez there, and inform him of the success of his enterprise.

Chapter XI.

The party who had just been admitted into the house of Don Carlos, found themselves, on the servant's closing the door upon them, in utter darkness. The first thought of Octavio, during the interval of the servant's absence to fetch the lights, was, whether or not any means of escape offered themselves; for, however he might reckon upon the generous character of Don Carlos, he knew that the latter was too much identified with the views of Henriquez, to permit the entire escape of his most hated enemy; and anything short of escape must almost inevitably bring himself and Henriquez together, and produce

a personal contact, which could scarcely be expected to end otherwise than fatally. He therefore consulted with Flora, as to the possibility of escaping; and she assured him, that unless they were under the influence of the ill-fortune which had latterly pursued them so perseveringly, there were two *possible* ways of escape; one by the door which they had just entered; and another by a back staircase which led down into the garden, and from whence they might again reach the door at which they had escaped the fury of Don Henriquez in the early part of the evening. She confessed, however, that it was more than probable Don Henriquez' servant had locked the first of these doors outside; and that it was by no means certain they should be able, especially in the dark, to find the key of the door opening from the garden.

At the mere hint of its being possible to escape by the door at which they had just been compelled to enter, Octavio lost no time

in groping about in the dark till he found the lock. But while he was in the act of endeavouring in vain to turn the key, the door suddenly opened, and Henriquez' servant entered with a candle in his hand. But he had scarcely set his foot over the threshold, when he started, with a look of the most bewildered astonishment, at the sight of Octavio; and, on hastily receding backward a step or two, as if to assure himself that his eyes did not deceive him, his foot slipped, and in the confusion of trying to recover himself, he dropped the candle on the floor, and it went out. But he still contrived to slam to the door again, and double lock it outside—leaving the party inside in a worse predicament than they were before; for there could be no doubt that the man was gone to inform his master that his supposed rival and enemy, Octavio, was at last completely in his power.

Octavio's situation, however, was a little bettered by the quickness of Flora, who had

snatched up the candle which had fallen on the ground, and by that slight-of-mouth which chambermaids so well understand, blew it into a flame again.

It was now evident that not a moment was to be lost in attempting a flight. As for the door by which they had just entered, all hope of escaping by that was abandoned; for they had too well heard it double-locked, on the man's last hasty exit. They therefore sought for, and found, the key of the garden gate; and while Diego was left at the top of the stairs, to watch and give the alarm in case of any one's coming, Octavio and Flora proceeded through the inner apartment, to the bottom of the private staircase which led to the garden.

Here, however, another obstacle presented itself; the door was fastened, and the key probably left in it outside, as it was nowhere to be found within. Still there was the balcony, from which Octavio at least might con-

trive to descend and escape, leaving Flora behind. This, therefore, he determined to attempt; and was hastily ascending the stairs to regain the inner apartment, when Diego came running down in the utmost trepidation, declaring that he saw lights and persons approaching through the little gallery from which the stairs descended, and in which there was no visible place of exit or entrance.

Octavio's hopes of a favourable termination to the adventures of the night had been slight enough; but this new disappointment affected him as strongly as if he had been on the point of succeeding in all his wishes; and as he once more ascended the stairs, he seemed to feel that it was utterly fruitless any longer to struggle against the ill-fortune which so obviously beset him, and that he might as well at once give himself up to the fate that awaited him. He, therefore, drew his sword, with a sort of dogged desperation, and re-

entered the inner apartment which he had just left. When, lo! the Ladies Portia and Camilla both stood before him.

The first impulse of all these parties, at the sight of each other, was one of almost unmixed joy. But this very soon gave way to feelings of doubt, and presently of the most anxious fear and amazement, when they reflected on the train of circumstances which had thus brought them together, on the spot, of all others in the world, where it seemed most dangerous for them to be found:—Octavio, confined in the house of his implacable enemy's most devoted friend, and where the arrival of that enemy might be every moment expected; and Portia, after having once escaped the tyrannical power of her enraged and vindictive brother, again inveigled into it, (for so it seemed,) under the pretence of being placed beyond its reach! And all this brought about by the seeming treachery of a man for whom one of the party had long felt the most devoted

friendship, and on whom another had irrevocably placed the affections of her heart!

A sickness of the soul came over Portia and Octavio as they reflected on these matters, and on the end to which it seemed inevitable that they must shortly lead. But Camilla, though she was perplexed by the most anxious doubts and fears, as to the situation of Portia and Octavio, could by no means be persuaded to believe that it had arisen from the treachery of Antonio. That there was something in his late conduct which she could not fathom, she was willing to confess. By what strange mistake or want of judgment he had been induced to bring Portia back to the house of her brother, she could not divine; and it appeared from the report of Octavio, that but for the arrival and interference of Don Carlos and the Corregidor, it was his intention to have conducted Octavio himself to the same spot, under the profession of affording him a safe asylum. But then it was evident to Camilla that An-

tonio's whole conduct, since his arrival, had been actuated by some strange misconception; the commencement of which, and, perhaps, indeed, the sole cause, might be traced to what they had first considered the so lucky mistake of his servant Ernesto, as to the identity of his future mistress, at his first interview with the two cousins.

Chapter XII.

Leaving the lovers for a few moments to their no less fruitless than perplexing fears and reflections, we must now relate that Don Carlos, not finding his friend Henriquez at the house of the Corregidor, followed him back again to his own, and there encountered him just as he was on the point of putting an end to his doubts as to the alleged disappearance of Portia, and her mysterious reappearance at the very moment he had thought her lost for ever, by summoning Portia herself to his presence, and forcing from her a detailed confession of the events of the evening.

This project was interrupted by the en-

trance of Don Carlos, who immediately began to relate the result of the last hour's proceedings, and concluded by saying, that he had that moment come from seeing Portia safely lodged in his own house adjoining.

Here Henriquez interrupted him by exclaiming, with a malignant exultation on his countenance,

"Octavio, you mean! Octavio! Now, then, he cannot escape my vengeance."

"No," said Carlos, "not Octavio, but Portia. It was in Octavio's house indeed—I grieve to say it—that she was found; but he himself has for the present escaped us. The house was searched in every part, but he was nowhere to be found."

"What do you mean, Don Carlos?" said Henriquez, growing warm. "Are you trifling with me? if so, you have chosen an ill time. My sister Portia is in her own apartment, accompanied by the Lady Camilla; I saw and spoke with them not a quarter of an hour ago.'

"With the Lady Portia?" exclaimed Carlos, in the utmost surprise.

'With my sister Portia and the Lady Camilla," replied Henriquez, coolly; "and Don Antonio de Mendoza was present. In short, my dear Carlos," continued he, resuming his friendly tone, "my fears on her head are greatly hushed, if not entirely dissipated, by what has taken place during your absence. We have both of us been labouring under some unaccountable mistake, as to her supposed flight. She cannot have been absent from the house at all; for my brother-in-law Antonio declares that he saw and conversed with her, in her own apartment, at the very moment when we supposed that she so infamously fled with her paramour; and moreover, he seems in all respects satisfied with the intended union. So that I may now turn my whole thoughts to the prosecution of our just revenge against the hated villain Octavio, whom I still hope, notwithstanding your ill-

timed jesting with me, you have seen secured and carried to the place appointed by our friend the Corregidor. Is it not so?"

"Your words are riddles to me," said Carlos; "and all I can say in reply to them is, that, not ten minutes ago, I saw your sister safely lodged in my own house, accompanied by her waiting-woman Flora, and also by Diego, the valet of Octavio, whom we found attending her. They were quitting the house of Octavio at the very instant that I and the Corregidor came in sight of it; and on arresting them, and learning that it was your sister who was being conveyed away, I thought it would be highly imprudent to permit the exposure of her name and family, which must have taken place if she had been conveyed to the office of the Corregidor. I therefore persuaded him to dismiss his officers, and place the chair and its attendants under my charge; and, as I have before related, I myself saw it safely conducted, with its occupant, to the

back door of my own residence. I then left your servant Pedro to secure the door, and immediately hastened to the Corregidor's house, to inform you of our success; but not finding you there ——"

At this instant the door of the apartment in which they were conversing was suddenly thrown open, and Pedro rushed in, out of breath, and in ludicrous perplexity ——

"What is this interruption?" exclaimed Henriquez angrily; "what has happened?"

"Oh, Sir!" cried Pedro; "Don Octavio, Sir! your great enemy Don Octavio; we've got him, Sir!"

"Got him!" repeated Henriquez and Carlos at the same moment.

"Where? how?" continued Henriquez, eagerly.

"Next door, Sir," replied Pedro; "in the house of Don Carlos. His honour left me to secure the door upon the Lady Portia, and her attendant Madam Flora, and Diego, Don

Octavio's valet; which I did, and then went for lights to take to them; for they were left in the dark. But on returning in a few moments with the candle, and opening the door, who should I see right before me, the moment I entered, but Don Octavio! I dropt the candle in my hurry to close the door again and secure him (to say nothing of the fright I was in; for your honour knows that Don Octavio is not the person for a serving-man to encounter singly); and then came to inform you of his presence, Sir."

Though this new and extraordinary incident did not in any degree satisfactorily explain the late cross purposes between Henriquez and Carlos, it immediately absorbed their whole attention, especially as each of them was fully convinced that *he* was right, as to the present situation and safety of Portia.

The immediate effect of this news, on the naturally violent and revengeful temper of Henriquez, was to renew his lately smothered

rage against his supposed rival and mortal enemy Octavio, and cause him to determine on taking his vengeance into his own hands, by instantly seeking the object of his hatred, and sacrificing him at once, and at all risks; making the immediate plea of his violence, the illegal outrage which Octavio had just committed, in attacking his person, and attempting to carry off his sister; for although Henriquez was at the present moment fully convinced that this latter part of his project had failed, he was equally satisfied, from circumstances which had transpired in the course of the evening, that it was Octavio's chief object in entering the garden.

Carlos, on the other hand, was not pleased to hear of this unexpected capture of Octavio; for though he was anxious to do everything in reason to second and assist his friend and kinsman, he was by no means disposed to go the length of sacrificing to his ungoverned passion a person of Octavio's rank, bearing,

and unblemished character. But as he felt that to reason with Henriquez, in his present state of mind, would but aggravate instead of allaying his fury, he determined to let him take his course for the present, but to accompany him wherever he went, and closely watch over his actions, with a view to prevent, if possible, the affair coming to extremities with Octavio.

Matters were at this point, and Henriquez was in the act of uttering aloud the most vehement exclamations, touching the supposed conduct of Octavio, and his fixed determination instantly to seize and sacrifice him to his offended honour, when Antonio entered the apartment, and having heard the denunciations of Henriquez, without catching the name of their object, insisted on being admitted to a participation in the danger which must attend so desperate a revenge as that indicated by them.

"As I must now," said he, "consider my-

self virtually allied to the family of Don Henriquez, he must allow me to look upon *his* injuries as mine, and to use my sword against his enemies, as promptly and freely as if they were my own: for I will not permit myself to suppose that Don Henriquez de Ronda can feel any resentments but such as are pointed out by justice and honour."

This unlucky arrival of Antonio threw Henriquez, for a moment, into a new perplexity. To explain to Antonio the precise grounds of his resentment in the present instance, was not to be thought of; and to attempt turning him aside from his purpose by hints of its danger, or intimations of any thing secret in the nature of his enterprise, were methods equally to be avoided;—the first seeming to infer a doubt of Antonio's sincerity, at least, if not his courage; and the second being likely to engender awkward and ill-timed suspicions.

These were the thoughts that passed across

the mind of Henriquez, as he considered for a moment on the result of Antonio's accompanying him and Carlos, and being implicated in the affair in which they were so deeply engaged. But they had little or no practical effect on his determination. His unbridled temper had so completely got loose from all restraint, at the prospect of an immediate and complete revenge upon his hated enemy, that he cared for little else; and as there was not a moment to be lost in prosecuting his purpose, he gave a hasty assent to Antonio's accompanying them, and they immediately procured lights and attendants, and proceeded, by way of the garden at the back of the house, to the apartment in which Pedro had declared that he had left Octavio locked up.

In the mean time, the party who occupied that apartment, after they had given way to the first emotions of joy, surprise, fear, doubt, and difficulty, which successively assailed

them on their extraordinary and unexpected meeting, addressed themselves to consider the best course of proceeding, under the perplexing circumstances in which they were placed.

But they were spared much difficulty on this part of the matter, by the sudden exclamation of all present, at seeing a blaze of light flash upon the window, and the report of Flora as to the cause of this new interruption.

It was, in fact, Don Henriquez, attended by Antonio, Carlos, and a throng of servants with lights; and it was evident that their destination was *that* apartment; and moreover, that their purpose was deadly, since both Henriquez and Antonio had their swords drawn.

This latter circumstance threw even Camilla herself into a state of momentary doubt, as to the motives and purposes of Antonio; and it fully satisfied all the other parties of his base treachery.

As the door leading from the garden to the staircase of the suite of apartments was fastened on the outside, and as there was no means of effectually securing the doors of the separate rooms, it was evident that escape was now hopeless, and a general resistance vain. Octavio, therefore, whose presence of mind seemed to grow in proportion as the circumstances in which he was placed grew desperate, at once put on on a calm and stedfast demeanour, and in a firm though gentle manner, urged the necessity of all parties implicitly following his directions, as to the mode of meeting the meditated attack. And as, by this time, all but himself were too much possessed by their terrors to be able to think collectedly on what was best to be done, he had no difficulty in engaging them to comply with his desires, especially when he urged *his* safety as the chief end of them.

Chapter XIII.

In pursuance of his resolution, as thus formed, Octavio conducted Portia and Camilla, attended by Flora, to a small room within that which adjoined the one in which they were now situated, and conjured them not to leave it till a signal from him, whatever they might hear. And in order to quiet their fears as to his immediate personal safety, he professed a full confidence in the honour of Don Carlos at least. He then returned to the outer room, and quietly awaited the coming of Don Henriquez and his party,—fully assured, notwithstanding his pretended confidence to the contrary, that nothing but a

fatal termination awaited the meeting, so far as regarded himself: for he was not only fully acquainted with the desperate violence of Henriquez when his passions were roused, and the little influence which the prudence or generosity of Carlos might be expected to exercise over him, but he had lost all reliance on either the faith or the honour of Antonio: added to which, he was fully determined that nothing should induce him to do more than defend himself, against the brother of Portia.

These reflections, and the corresponding arrangement to which they led, occupied less time than the relation of them has done; and Octavio had scarcely returned to the outer apartment before Henriquez and his party entered it.

As Don Carlos was determined, if possible, to prevent any undue violence against Octavio, he had persuaded Henriquez to let himself and Antonio enter the apartment first.

It is scarcely necessary to relate, therefore, that the first communication between the opposite parties consisted in expressions of utter astonishment from Antonio, at his friend Octavio being the person against whom he had sworn to support and assist Henriquez. These, however, did not prevent Octavio from immediately accusing Antonio of the foulest treachery, and bidding him defend himself from the just vengeance of a deceived and injured friend; and he was proceeding to attack him, when Antonio cried—

"Hold, Octavio! hold, I conjure you! and do not let an error, however it may have arisen, prove fatal to a friendship like ours! Is it possible," continued he, turning to Henriquez, who had by this time entered, "that *this* is the person against whom your vengeance is directed?"

"And is it possible," reiterated Henriquez, with increasing rage, "that Don Antonio commences his proffered aid against my most

hated foe, by pausing and parleying with him? Strike, sir," continued he, "or step aside, and leave the affair to me."

And he was pressing by Antonio, and preparing to attack Octavio himself, when the former stood between them and exclaimed—

"Nay, then—my first promise was to defend Octavio in the perils that this night assailed him, from whatever source they might proceed; and my long friendship engages me to fulfil this promise, no less than my honour. He who attacks *him*, therefore, must do it through me."

And he instantly turned, and stood on the defensive, between Octavio and Henriquez.

This seemed a favourable occasion for Don Carlos to interfere; which he did, by hinting that there seemed to be some strange mystery and misconception attending this whole affair, which, if explained, might satisfy the honour of all parties, without resorting to the fatal extremity that was at hand. But Hen-

riquez, whose fury was raised to its height by this extraordinary change in the views and conduct of Antonio, would hear of no compromise or explanation, and permit no considerations of prudence to weigh with or restrain him. He therefore exclaimed with vehemence—

"Nay, then, Don Antonio, 'tis fit you know that the insulting outrage which this Octavio has to-night committed, on my house and person, is but the smallest part of his offence against us, and was but in aid of a still viler outrage, upon my sister Portia's honour, and which he had surely accomplished, by forcibly carrying her off, but for the timely arrival of Don Carlos and myself."

"How!" exclaimed Antonio, thunderstruck, and turning fiercely upon Octavio, but still with an incredulous and inquiring look.

"The foul imputation is false," replied Octavio, calmly. "True," continued he "I

have long loved and served the gentle Portia."

"How!" exclaimed Antonio again, with a look of increased severity and surprise.

"And would have rescued her, by her own consent, from the tyrannous power of her unjust and cruel brother. And need I add that I will maintain that love with my life, since the Lady Portia herself permits me to glory in its return."

"In its return!" repeated Antonio, and he seemed for a few moments buried in a profound consideration of the course which it now became him to adopt, under the opposing claims which seemed to beset both his love and his honour. At length his doubts seemed to pass away, and putting on an air of dignified calmness, he turned to Henriquez and said,

"The claims of honour, Don Henriquez, are peremptory, and must not be overlooked or trifled with. In the commencement of this

eventful evening I engaged to defend Don Octavio from the perils which then surrounded him, without knowing what or whence those perils were. And I must keep my promise, at whatever risk or cost. Let Octavio retire, then, and——"

Here Henriquez could contain his rage no longer. "Never!" cried he, "he shall not escape my vengeance, cost what it may."

And he instantly called in all his servants, who had been left without, and commenced a violent attack on both Antonio and Octavio; all the remonstrances of Carlos being unavailing to restrain him.

As all the party now fell at once, sword in hand, upon Antonio and Octavio, and as the object of these latter was defence merely, they, for the first few moments, kept within the doorway of the inner apartment; but then, by a sudden effort of Antonio, Octavio and himself were forced completely within the apartment, and Antonio instantly closed the

door and locked it, leaving their assailants outside.

Thus baffled for a moment in his long-sought revenge, Henriquez ordered some of his people instantly to fetch implements for forcing open the door; while Antonio, as soon as he perceived that they were for a time secure from interruption, turned calmly to Octavio, and addressed him thus:—

"Having now, Don Octavio, redeemed the claims upon my honour, by defending you from the violence of others, it remains for me to assert and protect those of my love. Is it true—(after what I have witnessed to-night, my lips almost refuse to frame the question, yet your own words force me to ask it)—is it true that you pretend to the heart and person of the Lady Portia, Don Henriquez' sister?"

"*After what you have witnessed to-night*, Don Antonio," replied Octavio, repeating his own words, "methinks it were worse than superfluous to ask me such a question. I *do*

pretend to the heart and person of the Lady Portia, Don Henriquez' sister. Nay, I *possess* her heart; and might have possessed her person, and have, ere this, made her my wife, but for the cruel treachery—(such I must call it—) of yourself, in again placing her in the hands of her brother. But a truce to recrimination. I claim the Lady Portia as my bride, and will maintain my claim against the world; nay, more, against the man whom I have all my life, until now, considered as (after herself) more than all the world to me. And though," continued he, "I have lately learned the claim (such as it is) which *you*, Antonio, have acquired through the will of her tyrannous brother, I must and will set it at nought; since it is superseded, not only by my own prior claim, but by the settled will and wishes of the lady herself, who has alone a right to decide between us."

"Every word you utter," replied Antonio, "is a new mystery to me. This alone is

clear, that one or other of us must resign his claim. And that *I* should do so, is what Octavio knows me too well to expect, when I tell him that the lady herself has this very night confessed to me that I, and I alone, have long possessed her virgin affections."

"Why, this is adding insult to treachery," exclaimed Octavio. "No more words, but defend yourself."

And they instantly commenced an attack on each other. But the first two or three passes had scarcely been made and met, before a violent noise was heard at the door, and the next moment it was burst open, and Henriquez rushed in, followed by Carlos and several of the domestics.

"What do I see!" exclaimed Henriquez, as Octavio and Antonio still continued fighting; "was it for this that the noble Antonio preserved the villain from my vengeance—only to sacrifice him with his own hands? This must not be."

And he was on the point of joining in the attack on Octavio; but Antonio immediately turned, and standing on the defensive, against Henriquez, exclaimed,

"Nay, Don Henriquez—this quarrel must be mine alone, since it is against *my* honour and happiness that the pretensions of Don Octavio are chiefly directed. Let him resign his claims to the Lady Portia, and retire."

"Never!" exclaimed Octavio vehemently. Then he added, with an air of desperate resolution—"Cease your senseless contentions with one another, and turn all your fury upon me; for with life alone will I resign my claims—conceded to me by her gracious self—upon the heart and person of the Lady Portia."

The obstinate resolution of Octavio, and a demonstration which he now made, of attacking both Antonio and Henriquez, and forcing his way through them, turned both their swords upon him, together with those of the

domestics who had followed Henriquez ; and the earnest remonstrances of Don Carlos were of no avail in staying the imminent peril in which Octavio now stood ;—when suddenly, a cry from the inner apartment was heard, and the next moment Flora rushed in, followed by Portia and Camilla, who flung themselves before Octavio, and put a stop to all further violence, by the utter astonishment and consternation into which their appearance threw all parties.

Henriquez was the first to break silence.

"Portia here!" exclaimed he.

"Did I not tell you," said Carlos, "that she was brought hither by my directions, as she was flying from the house of Don Octavio ?"

"Then she did fly with him!—vile woman!" exclaimed he—and his rage overcame his surprise once more, and he was about to rush toward her violently, but Antonio stopped him.

"Nay, sir," said he; "though I have not the honour of knowing this lady, I have sworn to aid and protect her through the perils of this night; and I must keep my word."

"Not know her!" exclaimed Henriquez, turning to Carlos; "not know my sister Portia? What means this mockery? or are we all under some strange delusion?"

"Madam," said Antonio, turning to Camilla, and scarcely seeming to notice the vehement, but to him unintelligible, exclamations of Henriquez; "how can I enough apologise for having been the cause of leading you into these distracting scenes, so unfit for eyes like yours to witness? Let me entreat you to retire, and—"

"It is I," said Camilla, interrupting him, "it is I, Don Octavio, who must seek excuses, for not having sooner cleared up an accidental error, which has, I greatly fear, in part led

to these scenes; though it was encouraged with the view of turning them aside. Know, then, that I am not the sister of Don Henriquez de Ronda, nor is my name Portia. My name is Camilla de Peñas; and this gentleman, Don Carlos de Peñas, is my brother, who is scarcely less indebted to you than myself, for the signal service you rendered to us in Flanders. How we can hope to repay our deep obligations, I know not. But let me at least exonerate you from the vows which you have this night made to me, mistaking me for another; and let me add (though, I trust, your generous nature will scarcely need this declaration from me), that I should not, for an instant, have listened to those vows—grateful as I have confessed they were to my heart—had I not known that she to whom they were due by your contract was devoted to another; and had I not, moreover, believed that the happiness of my dear friend and kinswoman would

have been utterly destroyed—nay, her very life endangered—by a premature disclosure of the mistake into which you had fallen."

When Camilla ceased to speak, Antonio gazed rapturonsly upon her for a few moments, and then turned towards Octavio, and the friends threw themselves into each other's arms, without uttering a word. Octavio then put aside his sword, and advancing towards Henriquez, who remained silent and confounded by what he had just heard, addressed him as follows:—

"Events, Don Henriquez, which were beyond the controul of either of us, have made it no longer either possible or necessary for me to persevere in that concealment of my love for your sister, which nothing but your unfounded jealousy, and consequent hatred of me, could ever have induced me to adopt. That I never, for an instant, stood in the way of your love for the Lady Camilla, she herself will confirm to you, if, indeed, you have

not been already convinced of your error, by that lady's avowal of her affection for my friend Antonio. Your cause of resentment against me being thus groundless, the effect will, I hope, cease, and with it your angry feelings touching the unfortunate death of your friend Don Gaspar. Let me now, then, no longer scruple to solicit your consent to a union, which the fates themselves seem to have this night favoured, and on which depends the happiness of two persons who would willingly look upon you with the feelings of respect and affection due to a friend and a brother."

Here Portia advanced towards her brother, and took his hand, with an appealing look, and with tears of affectionate regard in her eyes. And here (the clock of the nearest church having chimed the "warning" for midnight) we must abruptly close our "Romance of an Evening;" leaving it to the reader's memory and fancy respectively, to supply the

numerous explanations which took place, on the past events of the night, and the anticipations which thronged upon the parties principally concerned in the Double Marriage which it was agreed should speedily ensue.

BEFORE proceeding to read the Romance which formed the Fifth of the Chatsworth Nights' Entertainments, the writer of it desired to explain, that its object was to shew the precise method and materials employed by those writers of the olden time who have excited as much admiration (whether deserved or not) among the most approved judges of our own time, as they did among all classes of their contemporaries. "To this end," said he, "I have taken a tale in verse, from that singular old treasure-house of Romantic Fiction, "Heywood's Hierarchy of Angels," and have simply *translated* its antique verse into, if not antique, anything but modern, prose; altering the language as little as possible consistently with an entire absence of rhythmical cadence, and altering the characters, sentiments, and incidents, not at all. So that, to accuse my story of extravagance and improbability, or a

want of adaptation to the critical requirements, and the literary habits and tastes, of our own day, will simply be to complain of its fulfilling the very object for which it has been produced."

THE THREE WANDERERS;

OR

THE ORACLES OF DELPHOS.

Chapter 1.

There was a man of Epirus, named Thestor, who had three children, all of them so dear to him, that it could scarcely be said which of the three he loved best.

The eldest was a sweet and hopeful boy, who had been bred with no common care, on account of the great estate that would descend to him, and the nobleness of his birth. The other two were daughters. The elder of these was fair and well accomplished, and was greatly beloved by all who knew her; but the younger was so rare in loveliness, as not to be paralleled in the land. Her age was three lustres, not a day of which had

passed over her, without adding some ornament to her still growing beauty; till at length, no one could look upon her without a wondering admiration, which seemed to say, that in her, Nature had surpassed herself; so choice and perfect were all the ingredients of her beauty.

Being so young, and thus wavering, as it were, between childhood and womanhood, this virgin's mind had not yet suffered itself to dwell on any distinct anticipations of the future. But still, hearing herself commended as she every day did, she could not help being sensible of her surpassing beauty. And this caused her to take great delight in being seen abroad. Moreover, the sense of her own loveliness being ever present with her, she used perpetually to haunt the sea shore, and watch the waves from which her favourite goddess, Venus, was said to have emerged. Every morning it was her custom to rise at cock-crow, and, wandering by herself even to

the very verge of the waters, listen to their murmurs, and gaze upon the foam from which, as she learned from the poets of her country, the Deity whom she adored was born.

As this maiden was wandering thus, one morning early, some pirates, who had observed her custom of coming to the sea shore alone, contrived to hide their vessel behind a projecting point of rock; and having climbed over, and descended behind her, they suddenly rushed forward, seized her, and carried her off to their vessel.

These pirates had no sooner secured their prize, than they hoisted sail, and made away to the very farthest part of Greece—so far from the habitation of the young maiden, that it seemed like another world to her.

There we must leave her for a while.

Thestor, having missed his child, now first began to perceive that *she* in particular had been his darling, and the solace of his age.

At first a strange indefinite fear of some fatal disaster possessed him; and he sent messengers over all the isle, in search of his child. But they returned without any tidings of her.

Then, because of her matchless beauty, a thousand fears began to assail him, lest her yet unripe years had permitted some enamoured youth to spirit her away.

Then he thought that she must have fallen a prey to some wild beast; and he caused every cave and unfrequented wood to be explored, to see if any vestige of her torn limbs or garments could be found. But still in vain.

At last, when every hill, valley, rock, river, and grove, even to the most obscure and remote corners of the island, had been searched, it suddenly came into his thoughts that she must have been stolen away by pirates; for he knew that the seas were infested by them, and that his child—How, thought he, could I

ever have let her do so!—would frequently wander out on the shore alone.

From the first moment of this thought coming into Thestor's mind, of his darling daughter having been carried off by pirates, he was fully satisfied of its truth; and for a while this wretched father gave himself up to a kind of wilful despair. He would hear of no aid or comfort from his other children; and it seemed as if, in losing his loveliest and latest born, he had lost them all.

For many days and weeks the bereaved parent remained in this state. At last, he suddenly bethought him, that he would no longer stay at home and vainly mourn over the loss of his beloved child, but would take ship, and sail away into far lands in search of her.

He had no sooner said this to himself, than he was impatient to put his thought into act. Nor could his other children by any means dissuade him from his wild purpose, or induce

him to let them accompany him in his search. Himself alone he will commit to his fate.

Accordingly, Thestor left his whole substance in the hands of his remaining children, and at once departed: having first made a solemn vow that he would never again set his foot upon those shores, till he had found his youngest daughter, living or dead.

He first directed his course to Delphos, with the intent that, in order the better to speed in his purpose, he might consult the oracle of Apollo, and beg instruction as to his future destiny. Arrived thither, his offering made, and all ceremonies duly performed that the customs of the Temple required, he received from the Delphian priest the following reply:—

> "Wretched father, stay thy grief,
> And give thy careful thoughts relief:
> One daughter thou hast lost, but know
> That in her stead thou shalt find two."

This mysterious answer much perplexed

him; and after long pondering within himself, he could draw no favourable omen from it. He knew that he had lost but one daughter, and that but one he wished to find. He therefore held the reply of the oracle to be a vain one, framed, perhaps, only to mock his grief. And in that thought he put to sea again.

Meantime, the elder sister, seeing her dear father, and her sweet younger sister, both gone, and the house thus left desolate (excepting the presence of her brother, whom nothing could persuade from perpetual sighs and sorrow for the loss they had sustained), deliberated secretly with herself, and at last determined that she would follow the lost ones, and at least escape from the tedious and wearing grief which grew upon her. Accordingly, after careful preparation, she hired a bark, and, having disguised herself, put to sea. But she first made a vow, similar to that of

her father, that she would never return till she should find either him or her sister.

Sailing from shore to shore, she at length reached Delphos; and being there, she felt desirous to know what she might hope or fear, as to the end of her search. She therefore caused all the rites and ceremonies to be performed, and received the following reply to her demands:—

"Maiden, if thou hopest to speed,
Lay aside thy woman's weed,
And profess thee priest of mine.
Get thee bow and shafts; and twine
In rich curls those locks of thine;
And in trim close-fit green attire thee—
Apollo-like—who will inspire thee."

Thus encouraged to pursue her adventure, she followed the directions of the oracle in all things, and again proceeded on her journey.

Chapter II.

We left the younger sister in the hands of pirates. After passing many dangerous seas, and crossing sundry channels, they came at last to a safe harbour, at which the pirates purposed to stay till they had made sale of their prize; which, on account of her rare beauty, and of the great sum which they expected to obtain for her, they had preserved from all stain, and had treated with the utmost care and kindness.

Arrived in the city, they brought her, veiled, to the open market place, where many merchants were assembled for the purchase of slaves. In those days there was nothing so

much sought after in a female slave as beauty—nothing which produced so high a price. So the pirates placed their captive in an eminent situation for view; and presently a host of people were gathered about her, to gaze on her when the veil which covered her should be removed.

This being done, the very air about her seemed to grow proud with her beauty; which, coming thus from beneath a dark veil, affected the gazers still more: as the brightness of the sun is more powerful when it comes upon men suddenly from behind a cloud, than when they look upon it in the clear sky. Her eyes seemed to illumine all the place, and to beget a sudden admiration in the beholders, which presently grew into a speechless wonder.

Some of them supposed it a celestial being that they looked upon, a new goddess arisen among men, to be honoured and adored; and many declared that she could not be of mere

mortal mould. But there were a few, of better judgment, and more staid in their conclusions, who, perceiving the changes which fear and modesty worked in that young creature's countenance—making the rose and lily contend there for the mastery—determined that, though the wonder of her sex, she was merely human. They observed, too, that her mind was perplexed with grief; and they knew that passions, and the troubled looks which attend them, have no affinity with the Divine nature. Moreover, whatever her wondrous beauty might seem to bespeak her, they saw that she could scarcely be other than a mere mortal; since, after she had thus stood to be gazed upon for a brief space, one of the pirates, after a loud "O yes!" proclaimed, with a clamorous voice and a bold countenance, that she was a captive, and to be sold.

On this, some of the merchants drew nearer to the beautiful slave, and a few of them

inquired the price which was demanded for her. But the covetous pirates who had stolen her, set such a value upon her, as would have shaken a common man's estate.

Yet there were some present who would willingly have paid the price named, merely to have possessed the rare beauties of this maiden, could they have felt that they might do so with security. But a whisper ran among them, that she was only fitting for some crowned monarch, and that any ordinary mortal, being possessed of such a gem, could not hope to retain it: "For" (thus they whispered to one another) "tyrants make their will their law; and what will those who sit in high places leave unattempted, for beauty's sake?"—so that few cared to offer a price for the maiden, and none purchased her.

The market being ended, the fame of this new beauty immediately went abroad through the city, and the bruit of it presently reached the ears of the King, and such was the

general confirmation which its rareness received on all hands, (not to mention the additions to the relation,) that he almost felt as if he loved her before he saw her; and he had already formed a purpose to possess her.

The next day the King sent for the pirates and their captive; and when they came, and he looked upon the strange maiden, a new fire seemed to grow within his breast, and the love that beauty had hitherto excited in him seemed to change, as he gazed on hers, into a kind of adoration: for all the beauties of his own country seemed to sink into nothing in his estimation; since he found, in *her*, no want of any one grace which he had hitherto looked for separately in them.

After gazing at her silently for some time, the King at length asked the price at which the pirates rated her. They named ten thousand drachmas; which the King instantly paid, and dismissed them, well satisfied with the bargain they had made.

As for the King, he was no less delighted than if he had gained a second empire; and when he thought of the great price which he had paid for the maiden, he almost wished it had been greater, since he hoped that the more she cost him, the more she might prove compliant to his wishes.

She was now conducted to a princely chamber, hung with richly-wrought arras, and there she was seated in a chair of state, and many ladies appointed to attend upon her wishes.

The King then sent his chief eunuch to her, bearing queen-like attire, and also a ring of excellent life and quickness; both of which she received with such a modest and graceful look, that even the bringer was amazed and captivated by it.

Next came others, bringing carkanets stuck full of shining gems, that might have graced the most glorious diadems. Also a fair and bright jewel for her forehead, and others to entangle in her hair. And in her ear a

union was placed, so rich that no queen had ever worn a richer. Also jewels to encircle her neck, and some to glow upon her breast.

Being now completely attired in all these regal ornaments, which seemed to breed a wonder in those who beheld them, in her no change could be observed. There she sat, waiting with a mild patience for what was to succeed; when presently, in came the King himself, through a private entrance, and stood before her.

He was a youthful Prince, apparelled like the spring when he would court bright May. His age was somewhat more than four lustres, and you would not among men look upon a goodlier presence.

Immediately upon his entrance the attendants withdrew; and the maiden, perceiving, by this, who it was that stood before her, rose from the seat, and made so low an obeisance to him, it almost seemed as if she would have thrown herself at his feet.

By her manner of doing this the King knew at once that her breeding was not base; so he advanced towards her, and, taking her hand, begged her to arise—which, by his help, she did—while a few tears fell from her eyes, as if to crave his pity. But besides these, there was no other change whatever to be seen in her countenance.

The Prince was pleased (though he wondered) to find that the jewels he had sent her had even added, by their ornament, to that beauty which was so matchlessly bright before; and if he loved it then, he now felt himself forced, whether he would or no, to doat upon it.

He now bethought him to ask some grace of her; for he had already quite forgot that she was his slave, and seemed to look upon her as some divinity, dropped from another sphere, to command and govern there in his place.

First, with a look of modest entreaty, he

took her hand, and grasped her soft and white fingers between his. Then he stooped down towards her face, and imprinted a kiss —and then a second—upon her cheek, which she did not turn away; accepting his courtesy with such a sweet grace, that it was difficult to tell whether it was with or against her will that she received it.

The Prince was now impelled to make a further suit to her. But as he sought to move it in words, his tongue grew mute. Yet the rhetoric of passion spoke so eloquently in his eyes, that, unskilled as the maiden was in such language, she could read what he would ask; and fear began to assail her. But she spoke not.

At length the Prince, urged on the one hand by her wondrous beauty, and on the other by his own fierce passion, put his guilty wishes into words; at which, such a blush struck into the face of the maiden, that it was hard to tell whether it proceeded from

shame or anger. Still she spoke not, but fixed her eyes dejectedly on the ground; and the Prince again urged her reply to his passionate motion. Upon which, so far distant were her thoughts from all sin, that though she knew the bondage in which the King held her, that hereditary virtue which was bred within her instantly supplied her with courage, and she addressed him in these words:—

"From that sad fate, great Sir, which made me your captive, the greatest princes themselves have not been free. It is not many days since I could have laughed at Fortune, which has now divided me so far from my beloved friends and country. Yet I should have felt that she had, in some sort, made amends to me, in placing me in the power of a Prince of so royal a nature as yourself must be, if your mind suits in virtue and nobility to the unmatched promise of your features, the like of which I have not seen in any other earthly creature. But oh! if such a

beautiful outside does but inclose baseness beneath it, I must then tell you that these rich presents which you have lavished on me I throw back to you with scorn. They are not mine. Take them again, then, and do not add to the loss which you have already suffered, in ransoming me from the robbers who stole me from my distant home."

Saying this, a sudden anguish seemed to seize upon her, and she plucked from her hair, and neck, and forehead, the jewels which the King had sent to her, and with a look of firm yet modest anger, laid them at his feet. Then she continued—

"There is one jewel that I still possess, Sir—my honour—which all the wealth of your treasury shall not purchase from me. I will keep it unblemished, spite of all disasters." (Here she began to weep.) "Put me to the test, and you shall find that though you may overcome and kill my body, my mind is beyond your reach. But oh!" she added after a

moment's pause, and in a different tone, "why should I suffer these vain terrors! As I look upon your sweet and noble aspect, such a cheer grows within me, I feel that Chastity itself need not start, nor Innocence fear, in your presence."

As she uttered this reply to his solicitations, the King's eye was kept constantly fixed and gazing upon her face; and his ear listening to her soft and musical tongue, which seemed as if it could utter nothing but truth and goodness. And when she ceased to speak, he looked upon her delightedly for a few moments longer, and then, taking her tender waist between his arms, he once more kissed her cheek, and vowed to make and acknowledge her his wife and queen.

This at length he did with all pomp, after due preparations; and there we must leave her for a while, installed in her new honours, and turn to seek her father.

Chapter III.

Him no tempests could affright, and no misfortunes deter, from fulfilling his purpose, of wandering about the world, and crossing all seas, in search of his lost daughter.

Long he strayed away at random through every land, thinking that his course could not be wrong if it led him *from* his home; till at length, after a tedious peregrination of many months, (during which he visited many nations so remote that he had not before known of their existence,) he arrived in sight of the island where his dear child—late a captive and a slave—had reached to a regal estate.

Poor, doating father! Had he but known

this, he would have flung himself into the sea, with a desperate haste, thinking the winds too slack, and the tide too slow, to bear him to the presence of his dear delight!

But mark! when fate purposes to cross us, our joys turn to sorrow, and our gains to loss, and the nearer we approach to the object of our wishes, the more cause we have to fear for the result!

As the vessel neared the shore, the wind arose, and brought a mighty tempest with it; and the bark was beat upon the shelves; and the poor sailors and their master were forced to cast themselves into the sea, on planks and rafters, and make for the shore at the peril of their lives.

As the islanders saw the vessel cast upon the rocks, and its crew thus in extremity, they mistook them for pirates; for they had long been troubled with such sea-rovers, who had of late frequently landed in great strength, and committed many outrages. And they

believed that those whom they now saw in such danger were doomed to it by divine justice, as a punishment for the spoil and rapine under which their island had so often suffered. So, as the inhabitants saw them swim ashore, one by one, wearied and faint, and scarce able to help themselves, they laid hands on them, and bore them away to prison.

The father, because of his grave aspect and superior habit, they took for the captain of the band. Him, therefore, they treated with double harshness; putting heavy gyves and fetters upon him, and manacles on his hands, and bearing him away to a wretched dungeon, into which they threw him at once, without hearing a word he would have said to them. And there, for a while, we must leave him, till his robes turn to rags, and his head and face are hideously overgrown with hair; and go in search of his elder daughter.

We left her in the Island of Delphos, clad as a priest of Apollo, and looking like Endy-

mion upon the Hill of Latmos, when the never-tired Moon was gazing at him; or like Amintas in green Arcadia, the day after he first beheld his Phillis; or like Adonis when Venus met him fitted for the chace, and forced her sweet embraces on him. Or, had she been decked with wings to match her shafts and bow, she might (save in her stature) have stood for the love-god, Cupid.

The maiden's mind, too—thanks to the promised inspiration of the god whose order she had followed—was fresh and fitting to her shape. And she once more set sail with a sprightly courage, which almost seemed to cast the memory of her losses behind her, in the hope it infused into her of one day repairing them.

At every coast she came to, she landed, and at every one she made inquiries. But at none could she gain any answers suited to her desires. And thus she went wandering on from shore to shore, till the moon had twelve

times waned, and as many filled her round. And still she had found no father—no sister. At last she landed on the very isle where her father lay in bonds, in a wretched dungeon, while her sister reigned a crowned Queen.

It so happened, that not many days before the arrival of the elder sister at this island, the King had been called away, to mediate between two great Princes, his friends; and in this forced absence of her husband, the Queen reigned alone.

During this interim, news was brought to court, that a strange ship had entered the harbour, and that one passenger therein was of a most choice aspect, and of a bearing that seemed worthy to be entertained by a peculiar welcome. To the Queen (whose curiosity was raised by this report) he was described as a beardless youth, beautiful as Jove's cup-bearer, when the God snatched him from Mount Ida. And on a still more strict inquiry, it was found that he was a priest of

Apollo, and therefore that his person had a kind of Divinity belonging to it, to wrong which by any shew of neglect was deemed a deep sacrilege.

The Queen immediately sent a lord of the court to invite the young stranger to her palace. He came, and each affected the other at first sight; for though the disguise of her sister completely hid the relationship from the Queen's sight, yet there is a secret working of nature within us, that will not be gainsaid, and in obedience to which kin will recognise kin, whensoever it meets.

As for the Delphian priest, indeed, (for we will treat him for the present like what he seems,) it was little to be wondered at that he did not know his sister under the state that she now bore: for besides the change that the waxing and waning of twelve moons had wrought, in brightening and perfecting her beauty, there was her princely garments, of a strange fashion, and the gems that they shone

with—the jewels that were woven in her hair —her numerous train—the distance that she kept, thereby commanding the more observance—her port and gesture : in short, seeking a captive, he could little think that he had found her in a Queen. Instead, so wondrous does her state and beauty seem, that he almost mistakes her for some goddess.

Thus, though they look long and often at each other, yet neither could apprehend a sister in the shape under which each appeared. But yet they felt a mutual sympathy, which presently endeared them to one another.

When they had thus conversed some time together, the Queen ordered a banquet, at which she feasted the seeming priest with most sumptuous cheer, even as if Apollo himself had been his guest.

The banquet ended, they again discoursed, though of nothing tending to their own affairs. At length, the Queen having bestowed all choice of entertainment upon her guest, he

proposes to depart to his vessel. But she would not hear of his faring so hardly as he must do there; and tells him that his lodging is prepared in the palace, and that while he makes abode in that island he is as welcome to her as a god.

Thus courteously compelled, the seeming priest accepts the Queen's welcome, and retires for the night to a rich chamber, whither he is ushered by many attendants.

When the Queen was left alone, there immediately came to her a conceit, which, the more she pondered on it, the more it waxed strong. We know that there is no fair woman but is not somewhat proud; and we have seen that, in *this* lady, her pride was in some sort the occasion of that accident which led to her present lofty estate. Let her take heed lest the same pride that lifted her up, do not cast her down again—lower than she was before.

She thought to herself, after the priest of

Apollo had left her, "My beauty is of such rare note, that all who look upon me, grow from wondering into loving. Even my royal husband, the sovereign of this great land, sways all his subjects, only to be himself ruled by me. In telling of my features, praise turns presently into admiration. And I am no sooner seen of the people, but the cry is, She is descended from some deity. But what," continued she proudly—"what is all this, if only those feel the power of my beauty, who are under no vow to guard themselves against it? Now here is one—a votarist—Apollo's priest—bound by a sacred oath to abjure the rites of Venus. What if such virtue were in my face, that it could tempt even *him*—that it could pierce *his* chaste breast? Then indeed might I claim the palm of beauty, by strict right. But till I have assayed such trial, I may still fear some rival."

She now resolved to put this stranger's

firmness to the test. So the next morning she sent for him into her presence, and having dismissed her attendants, (as she might do without suspicion — he being a vowed priest of Apollo's temple,) she began to practice upon him those love-lures which women know. First she courted him with her eyes. Then she called up blushes to her cheeks; as if she would say something, yet feared. Then she began to woo his fair hand with her own still fairer, sighing as she looked passionately upon him.

But all was in vain. He did not seem to understand her, and all the while remained utterly mute.

At last, seeing herself no whit nearer to her end than when she began, she broke silence— framing a cunning apology for the feigned passion which she would expound to him.

"There is no sex nor age," said she, "no state nor degree, but is subject to the will of the fates that rule over us. What they

decree—whether just or not—we cannot choose but do. Our wills are theirs, and we merely do that to which they enforce us. No mortal can evade their laws. That all this is so," continued she, "I am myself this day an example. I apprehend the right, and would pursue it; but I feel enforced from it, against my better nature."

And then she blushed again, and turned her beautiful face aside, as if she would fain conceal the passion which seemed (against her will) to possess her.

Still the seeming priest remained mute; and she proceeded thus:

"I, that am now a wife, did once resolve to spend my days a Vestal virgin. And I would fain have been so to this hour; but that the fates would have it other. Then, when I became a Queen and bride, I would have kept my wedding vow unbroken; and I might, but that the same fates have decreed it otherwise, and have sent *you* hither (from I know not

what strange land) to make me break my nuptial oath. And to make all things sort, they have sent my Lord hence to a far clime, leaving the time and place convenient to their will. Would'st thou know what it is the fates bid us do? Look in my face, and read it there."

Seeing him still unmoved, she continued—"I have thus laid my love-sick thoughts before you. And know, that she who sues is one who must not be gainsaid. I now leave you for a while, to think on what I have said. When I return, I must be answered."

Saying this, she left him suddenly, with an air as if she was ashamed of the words that her passion had prompted her to utter.

Chapter IV.

And now, what a throng of thoughts came into the mind of the seeming priest, and perplexed her with their contradictions! What should she say or do? she seemed ensnared in a Dædalian maze, from which Theseus himself could not have extricated her. Being a woman, who so well could search and dive into a woman's heart? who so well could apprehend the strange malice that bad women will essay, when crost in their bad loves? And of a Queen, what could she guess but that her desire for revenge would swell, in proportion to her greatness? Who, in brief, but a woman can

fathom the secret depths of a woman's passions?

But we must forget the sex of our seeming priest for the present.

He knows, then, that he is a stranger in this land, and alone; and that there is none to aid or support him against the (seeming) wicked designs of this Queen; and that his life is therefore doubly engaged. If he oppose her guilty suit, her incensed passion may prove implacable. And if he even seem to yield to it, his secret must be disclosed. Say that he confess himself a woman? Will she not suppose him some strange impostor, who has profaned Apollo's sacred office? But what seemed most of all against this disclosure was, that it might prevent the end of his travel, and the vowed purpose of his life—the finding of a sister and father. This thought determined him in his course, that, come what might, he would simply give to the Queen' suit a flat denial.

Meantime, the Queen returns, having first changed her late gorgeous attire, for one which showed more of the woman, and less of the Queen. Her bright hair was more enticingly displayed. Her habit was more fitted for dalliance than for state; yet it was no less rich than that which she had put off: more seeming careless, yet greater care mingled with its neglect. Words cannot duly express the art she had used, in making the seeming artlessness of her attire suit to the sweet beauty of her aspect.

And here, let no one dare asperse the spotless virtue of this lady—let no one rashly apprehend that lawless passion, and hateful spouse-breach, were her objects, in thus tampering with her charms: for surely, she was every way as chaste as she was fair. No, it was but that innate feminine vanity and pride, which are evermore joined to surpassing beauty. Wherever there exists a supposed supremacy, there no rivalry can be brooked,

and no doubt permitted. If this youthful priest had in the least kind bowed him to her feigned motion of love, and so broken his vow, she would instantly have dismissed him from her presence. But while the power of her charms seem cast away upon him, she is still fain to try them further. She, therefore, put on still more passionate looks and gestures, suitable to the loose vesture she had assumed; as if she would have inflamed the icy-veined Hippolitus himself.

The youth, meantime, leans sadly upon his elbow, while she looks in his face with an amorous smile. Still in vain. At last she plucks him by the sleeve, and bids him be of cheer; entreating him withal to yield her a reply to the motion with which she lately left him.

Then, as if roused from a trance, the youth rises from his seat, and casts a scornful look upon the Queen, striving to put a frown upon that brow which was too smooth to bear one. Then he said,

"Is it possible that one so young can be so wicked? that so sweet a tongue can utter such harsh discords? Can it be, that so foul a mind finds dwelling in so rare a feature? Or is it that such as have power to match their will, must needs stretch both to do evil? We compare the great ones of the earth to gods. And such they are while they retain their goodness. But if once they swerve from virtue, then are they lower in the sight of the gods than common men. For my part, lady," he continued, "be your thoughts as evil as they may, nay, be they even worse than you yourself expressed them, (which scarce can be,) and though you had even more power than you have to enforce them, I am still steadfast in my will, still constant to my vow, and will remain so."

Saying this, he turned aside.

And here let us once more seek to excuse this Queen, for still further pushing her strange purpose, of trying to the uttermost

the faith of the seeming priest. Let us, above all, guard her from the suspicion of unchaste thoughts. Briefly, then, she was but a woman, and one hitherto rejoicing in a beauty which none had sought to rival or resist. Moreover, she was a Queen; raised, as it were, in an hour, to that high estate, by the force of her beauty alone. Shall we wonder, then, that one, at once a woman and a Queen, finding her will baffled, and her beauty put to scorning, should feel angry and unjust passions stir within her, and yield her for a while to their wrong guidance?

Note, too, that she was a worshipper of the sea-emergent Venus, and felt that, to slight her beauty, was to contemn the power of her favourite Goddess. Further, forget not that this seeming youth was a woman like the Queen herself, and that, so, none but chaste thoughts could grow betwixt them. Had it been other, this Queen so loved her lord that, be sure, she had abandoned her strange pur-

pose, ere the first step towards its accomplishment. But feeling no movement within her that could alarm her love for the King her husband, she could not choose but let her will have way, without looking whither it was leading her.

So when the youthful priest turned aside from her blandishments, she half-felt, half-feigned, an angry passion; and after a brief pause, she determined to essay whether the fear of death could shake that firmness over which her beauty was powerless. Calling aloud to her attendants without, as they entered, she addressed them thus; heedless, (woman-like,) of how she was to extricate herself from the strange dilemna in which her words must presently place her.

"How is this?" said she. "Am I not your Queen, and was I not, but now, most near to extreme danger, through your negligent attendance—you, who have means and dependance from us? Here is this stranger, whom I

had almost taken to my bosom by reason of his strict order, to whom I have given all respect and reverence; nay, had his God, Apollo himself, been present, (as 'tis said he once came down from heaven, either to court some maiden on whom he doated, or, when the proud race of Titans chased him and his fellow-gods to earth, was herdsman to Admetus till that great broil was over,) had even he, I say, the great Apollo, been cast upon this shore, as this young priest has been, nay, had I looked upon him in his best fulgence, I could not have put greater favour on him than I have done on this his priest. And yet (let me proclaim him to the world unworthy the high title he adulterates!) he would have committed such a deed (I know not whether to smile or frown while I utter it), that had his own God, the Sun, beheld the baseness of his priest, he would have shrunk back and hid himself for shame! You may perchance guess my meaning. It was a crime so hein-

ous that it needs no further words to tell it; or, if it does, my modesty cannot endure to speak them. Only imagine that, which, if accomplished, had dishonoured me, and planted disgrace even on your King himself!"

This said, she threw herself on a seat, and put on such angry looks, that none could guess but all was true which she had uttered. And they came about her, asking what she would have them do to avenge the insult she had suffered. Upon which, she suddenly sprang from her seat, like one incensed, and bad them bring to her quickly a sharp-edged sword.

It was no sooner asked than brought; for engines of evil are ever at hand. When, turning to those about her, she said,

"Such of you as have most love and duty for the King and me, take that, and sheathe it in the breast of this impostor, whose simple looks cover a world of mischief. Hasty and

bold was his attempted crime; sharp and sudden then be its revenge!"

At this they all started and drew back; for though they knew that her strict imposition (however severe) was a just punishment for the attempted crime, and that, being just, it were best to be speedily performed, yet all feared to have a hand in doing it—so sacred were those held who had taken upon themselves the service of a god.

At this she seemed more incensed than ever, and said,

"Must I then implore, where I should command? And is my subjects' pride or their neglect such that their Queen must be denied her just wishes? Or hath your King taken all our true-breasted with him, and left none to avenge our mutual wrongs?"

After a few moments' pause she continued,

"I now remember me that, many months agone, a band of desperate sea-robbers were cast upon these shores, bloody and debased

men, who, for freedom or for gold, would act anything. Go some, bring hither the captain of that band, knock off his gyves, and say that I propose freedom and reward to him."

A messenger was instantly dispatched to obey the Queen's orders, while all the rest stood in deep amazement, as loath to dip their hands in sacred blood.

Chapter V.

Here let us have leave to make a brief digression, which is needful, to avoid that confusion which might else maim the conclusion of our tale. This Queen no sooner became a partner in the throne, but fearing how her dear father might bewail her despe rate loss, and wishing, too, that he and her dear sister and brother should share her happy fortunes; she had caused letters to be despatched to them, signifying how all things had befallen, and inviting them to leave their native soil, and cross the seas to give her a wished meeting; since she declared that all joys, pleasures, delights, and honours, seemed

but as toys and idle dreams to her; nay, that even the diadem itself was no better, if not worn in their sight.

But this happy news came too late; for (as we know) immediately on her loss, the father had sped to Delphos, and the sister had shortly after followed him, and both were absent when the letters arrived.

But the brother was still at home; and when the glad tidings reached him, he instantly prepared for the voyage; for till he saw his dear sister in her high estate, each day appeared an age to him, and every hour a year. Imagine him, therefore, to hav reached the coast where she dwelt, just at the moment when the Queen was waiting the arrival of the supposed pirate chief, whom she had ordered to be brought before her.

To them we now return. The supposed pirate came at length—meagre, pale, and wan—the very picture of despair; his head,

brows, cheeks, and chin, thickly overgrown with hair; and his clothes so ragged and tattered that none could guess him for the man he was. The Queen, too, was so changed in all things, that no wonder neither of them knew the other; neither of them looking for such a meeting, after such a separation.

The Queen, having looked upon him, takes him for the desperate man that he is given out, and thus addresses him, before the whole assembled court:—

"Thou of the seas—a rover and a robber—chief of those pirates who were lately wrecked upon our shores, by the just doom of Heaven, and, as a judgment for their many outrages, now doomed to lasting durance; if I should his day propose to thee a certain means by which thou and thy guilty train may gain their freedom, wilt thou embrace it?"

The old man, who had not till then seen the sun for many months, cast a wavering

look upon the Queen, and seemed for a while lost in admiration of her rare beauty. At last he thus addressed her:—

"Whether angel or goddess, I know not, and my reverent fear forbids me to inquire. But one or other you must needs be; since that countenance could not have breeding from a mortal stock. And then your tongue utters such melody, that I must think you are she, the Ocean-born; else that wise Maid, bred of the brain of Jove; else Juno, she that lights the torch of Hymen, the Queen of Marriage, and the mistress of all chaste desires. One of these three you must be. You speak of giving me freedom: oh! set me but free; and bid me cope a bear or tiger; wrestle with the far-famed Minotaur, or that sea-beast whose scales are brass; set me upon a fierce chimera, a horrid shape compounded of all strangeness; bid me do anything, so it may buy my freedom; for there is no rest for my troubled thoughts, while

bondage hinders me from pursuing that quest which is the only end of my sad life!"

This said, he was silent; and the Queen replied to him.

"None of these things I will propose to you. The task I enjoin you shall be easy, and free from danger. You see that unarmed youth;—take this sword and kill him. This is all I ask of you; which done, you and your fellows shall have instant freedom."

He took the sword, and having proved, upon his hand, its point and edge, he looked upon the Queen for a moment, and then turned towards the priest of Apollo, whom he had not till then seen, and who was standing by, awaiting his death, with such a calm and sweet aspect, that all who looked upon him were moved to pity.

The old man's feelings became doubly distracted at the sight of such antipathy growing between those two bright creatures; the one so

sweet to look on, yet so cruel; the other so young and valiant; and what seemed to strike him most with wonder was the strong resemblance between them.

But these feelings soon gave way before those which grew out of his own condition; for he now perceived how basely he was disesteemed, and how impossible it would be to recover his freedom without acting this bloody sin which was proposed to him. And how could he, who had all his life feared nothing so much as to do evil, turn his innocent hands to kill? Thus all his sad disasters seemed to stand in array before him, and he saw no hope to recover his lost joys.

At last, apprehending no end to his miseries but in death, and finding the instrument of it in his hands, he bethought him that he would rather seek perpetual rest that way, than return to the gyves and bonds that awaited him. Still his noble mind would not let him

die branded as a pirate and a thief; so, after a brief pause, he once more addressed the Queen thus:—

"Madam, I know not whence may arise your ground of anger against this youth, whose looks bear such a charm with them, that, for a world, I would not do him ill. But as it seems that your will is I must one way or other run into evil, let me at least declare, before yourself and all your train, that I am not that you take me for; that I am no base ruffian, to stain my hands with blood; no pirate, nor no robber; but a wretched father, shipwrecked on your coast whilst seeking a lost child, whom might I once more have seen, death had seemed but a new life to me. But that is now past hope. Bear witness then, all of you, that here I came in search of my lost daughter; that Epirus is my country, Thestor my name; and that now I die, a wretched father, martyr to the ill-fortune that pursues me."

So saying, he was in the act of falling on the point of the sword which he held in his hand; but the youth rushed forward from where he stood, and seizing the weapon, forced it from the old man's hand, and exclaimed,—

"No, father; it is not you should die, but this bad Queen!"

And he was rushing towards her, as if to make his words good.

She, meantime, at first speechless with amaze at the words she had just heard, suddenly exclaimed,—

"Oh, father! I am she you have so long been seeking!" And she rushed to him, and fell upon his neck.

At this, the seeming priest of Apollo, struggling with those who held her, burst the fillets which bound her rich hair, and as it fell all about her, down to her knees, it seemed, to those who beheld the change, as if she were suddenly mantled in a shroud of gold; thus

making her sex apparent, and disclosing her, so that each of the three at once knew the others.

And now, how shall the poet's barren brain and pen be able to tell the inexpressible joy that possessed them all? for ecstasies like theirs, which spring up in the heart by sudden changes and chances, surcharge every part of the soul's faculties, and make wonder, in a most strange fashion, grow into rapture.

At first, pleasing doubts seemed to arise between them, till they could scarce believe what they both saw and knew. All were assured that what they beheld was true; yet each feared it might be false. And, at last, as they stood gazing upon each other, the sole effect bred by the strange bliss of each and all, showed itself in a passion of sweet tears.

Then, suddenly, each grew full of words, yet none could break the silence that seemed to enthrall them.

At this moment a rumour spread itself through the assembly, that a young noble, a stranger from Epirus, having heard the fame of the Queen's great beauty, had just arrived to visit her. At the name of Epirus all three started; and the Queen herself, thinking, perhaps, of the news she had sent to her home, gave instant orders for his admission to the court.

Then, what eager expectations grew among the happy three, at the thoughts of seeing one from their own country, who might give them tidings of their kin. The Queen, indeed, thinking of her dear brother, might haply conjecture *who* this stranger was; but the other two could only lose themselves in vain thoughts, not unmixed with new scruples, as to the fate of him they had left behind them.

At length, the newly-arrived was ushered into the presence by a lordly attendant; and instantly (for he had assumed no shape but

his own) all recognise and run towards him, the sisters crying "Brother!" and the father "Son!"

He, meantime, as they all three cling about him, is lost for a while in a doubtful amazement; so changed are they all since last he saw them. Who can they be?—(he thinks)—the old man overgrown with hair like a savage beast, and dropping with loathsome rags and tatters; the queen blazing in rich bravery, that the better showed off her rare beauty; and the third, a doubtful shape,—the hair and aspect of a woman, with the attire of a man?

But as they repeated their embraces, and he looked on their countenances, one by one, more steadily, partly by that, and partly by the well-known sound of their tongues, his timorous doubts gradually grew less, and presently he knew them all for that they were.

Then, how he greeted each and all; but

first reverently he cast himself at his dear father's feet, and craved his blessing—no sooner asked than given.

The Queen now commands a rich habit to be brought her father, becoming his new state; and while the attendants are clothing him, the brother and sisters (no longer strange to each other) freely interchange those feelings which spring up in their unfeigning hearts.

Meantime, to complete this happy scene, the King himself is at hand, accompanied by the two Princes, between whom his mediating wisdom had secured a prosperous peace, in place of that long hostility which had lately distracted their several states. He brings them to his court as guests, invited to high triumphs, feasts, and ovations; hoping thereby to make more firm the league between them.

Before he reaches the court, the news is brought to him of the happy meeting between his Queen and her kindred; and the strange

chance so fills him with wonder, that it seems that island shall remain in debt to all posterity, as the scene of so unhoped a meeting. The story shall be told, he thinks, while summer shall succeed to spring, and winter to autumn; while Time shall keep a feather on his wing; and it shall be believed and wondered at, till Lachesis herself hath not another thread to spin.

And now, being loth to cloy the patient reader with expressing the general jubilee that followed this great meeting; and moreover, being fonder to blunt our knife in feasts and banquets than tire our pen with telling of them, we will here make an end of our story; only relating further, that the King, in honour of the fulfilled oracles of Apollo, raised a great temple to that god; that Thestor, the grateful father, consecrated an altar to Neptune, thinking so to please and pay the power that had helped him to find his lost child; and the beautiful Queen herself, transferring

her worship from her late favourite Venus to that Fortune who had so turned all her seeming troubles into joys, reared to her honour a stately temple, in which yearly she paid the tribute of her happy vows.

The contributor of the Sixth Night's Entertainment begged to shelter himself under the panoply of Shakspeare's name, from the critical shafts which, in an age of utilitarianism, must necessarily be directed against a story chosen, not merely in spite of its strange and wild improbabilities, but *because* of these—that is to say, because of the novel occasions they seemed to afford for the development of human passion and character. "For the rest," said he, "so far as the principal incidents are concerned—

> "It hath been sung at festivals,
> On ember-eves, and holy ales;
> And lords and ladies of their lives,
> Have read it for restoratives."

THE

WANDERINGS OF PRINCE PERICLES.

Chapter I.

In Ancient Tyre there once reigned a Prince named Pericles, who, though he was called to the throne at a very early period of life, soon won the admiring love of his people, by the wisdom and virtue which appeared in all his decrees and actions.

One thing alone was wanting, to complete the prospect of lasting happiness which opened before both King and People, on the succession of Prince Pericles to the throne of his ancestors. He was the last of his house; and there was no female in the kingdom of

birth and breeding fitted to share the throne with him, and give to himself and his people a promise that the noble race which had so long served and swayed over them, would not become extinct.

The thought of this, and also a sense of loneliness which perpetually haunted the affectionate heart of Pericles in the midst of his high estate, induced him at last to determine on travelling to foreign lands, in search of a Princess whose qualities and condition, while they might add a lustre to his throne, and answer to the wishes of his people, would at the same time enable their possessor to lighten the cares of empire by listening to them with an equal sympathy, and double its joys by sharing them.

It may be that Pericles was first led to entertain this project, by the reports which had lately spread themselves over all Asia, touching the extraordinary beauty and accomplishments of a certain Princess, only daughter

of the late King of Antioch, and niece to the present King; and in seeking whose hand several of the most brave and hopeful young Princes of Greece and other countries had already sacrificed their lives; for Antiochus, her uncle, a cruel-hearted and fantastical tyrant, had caused it to be publicly proclaimed throughout Greece, that the sole price of his niece's hand was, the solving of a certain Riddle, which he was ready to propound to whoever desired to hear it, under the immutable condition, however, that he who claimed to hear it, must first consent, in case of failing to furnish the true solution within a certain space of time, to forfeit his life.

If this deterred many from declaring themselves suitors to the Princess, to others the romantic danger of the enterprise offered an excitement, which even the extraordinary beauty and seeming value of the prize annexed to its success might in itself have

wanted; and of all who had hitherto tried and failed, the dreadful penalty had been exacted by Antiochus with the most remorseless strictness.

Whether or not Prince Pericles chose this as a new occasion of showing his entire devotion to the wishes and interests of his people, certain it is, that the first place to which he directed his course on quitting his kingdom, was the Court of the King of Antioch; intending to judge for himself as to the claims of the Princess, and if he found them such as they had been reported to him, resolved to risk his life in seeking to win her for his bride and Queen.

As Pericles was the most distinguished Prince who had yet presented himself at the Court of Antioch, on this romantic and perilous errand, he was entertained by the King with an unusual show of outward respect and honours; and was immediately introduced to his niece, who received him

with a cold and haughty reserve of manner, which, however, did not prevent her extraordinary beauty from making a very strong impression upon him.

But the banquet which was given by the King, on the occasion of Pericles' arrival at Antioch, was scarcely over, before the latter was satisfied within himself that the strange and terrible means which had been adopted by the King, to deter suitors from offering themselves to his niece, and to get rid of those, the strength of whose passion for her prevented them from being so deterred, was not the result of a mere capricious and fantastical cruelty. He observed at once that there was a secret and mysterious intelligence existing, and perpetually at work, between the King and his beautiful niece; and though he saw no clue which led him even to guess at its import, it excited within him a vague feeling of curiosity, not unmixed with something like fear, the sense

of which did but the more strongly impel his ardent and active spirit to pursue to the end the adventure which he had undertaken.

Chapter II.

The close of the banquet was the time appointed for propounding to Pericles the Riddle on which his fate now depended; for he had lready signified to the King his determination to hear it, and to abide by the risk attending a failure in expounding it. He observed, however, that as the moment for reading it to him approached, an evident change took place in the manner of the King towards him. The seeming frankness with which he had received and hitherto entertained Pericles, gradually gave way to an air of restless anxiety, which would not be wholly suppressed, and which once or twice shewed itself in what was meant

to have the appearance of a friendly remonstrance, touching the danger that Pericles was about to incur, and the willingness of the King to absolve him from his rash engagement, provided he would abstain from pursuing it further.

In truth, Antiochus began, for the first time, to entertain serious fears for the safety of the dreadful secret which his arrogant self-love had tempted him to half disclose by the very words which he used in seeming to conceal it: for though he felt a sort of perverse and impious exultation in the guilt that was wrapt up in the words of his Riddle, and had *therefore* half unconsciously refrained from absolutely concealing it, as he might have done ; yet on the other hand, he was too cunning in his wickedness not to know and fear the infamy that awaited its disclosure—especially after the sacrifices he had caused to be made to it, in the death of some of the most hopeful young Princes of Greece. In

Pericles he already recognised a Prince, if not greatly superior in birth, courage and warlike accomplishments, to those who had preceded him in this perilous enterprise, at least, infinitely above them all in those intellectual endowments which alone Antiochus had cause to dread ; and the more he thought upon the words in which his fatal secret was couched, the more he became sensible of the dangerous folly into which his vain-glorious pride had led him, in leaving it so open to discovery.

But it was now too late to retract, on either side; and at the close of the banquet the Riddle was duly read to Pericles by the King himself, but in the presence of his beautiful niece alone. A written copy of it was then placed in the hands of Pericles, to be referred to in case of need; and the assembly separated till the next day at noon, at which hour the expounding of Pericles was to be given, at the peril of his life.

The Riddle was couched in the following terms:

What is that Plant whose poisonous root
Is fed on guilty tears alone?
What is that fair but fatal Fruit
Which, tasted, turns the heart to stone?

What is that Deed which, being done,
At once both life and death doth give?
What are those Two—not two, but One—
Who die by that for which they live?

What's She who spreads a glittering mesh
To snare a bird of her own brood?
What's He who feeds on Brother's flesh,
And slakes his thirst in Sister's blood?

Who are those Two—not two—yet Two-in-One?
Expound or die! The dangerous Riddle's done!

On hearing this read, the thoughts of Pericles were too much occupied with the scene before him, and its possible consequences, to admit of his paying any very

fixed attention to the words that met his ear: they fell upon it as sounds merely, bearing an import fatal or favourable to his hopes, as he might thereafter be able to draw forth, or to miss, their hidden meaning. But when, on retiring to his chamber, and pondering a few moments beforehand on the fate that probably awaited him, he at length drew forth the paper, and read it silently for himself, the colour came and went upon his cheeks and lips, in answer to the tumultuous throbbings of his heart: for the terrible meaning of the Riddle flashed upon his mind as he read, and moreover, showed him that there was as much danger in expounding as in missing it.

What was to be done? Would he who was constantly lying in wait for the lives of those who dared but to approach the confines of his fatal secret, be more merciful to him who should discover and expose the foul guiltiness of it? And yet, *not* to discover it, was of a certainty to forfeit his life

Pericles spent a part of the night in thinking on the perilous circumstances in which he had placed himself; and at length he determined that there was no chance of safety for him but in secretly quitting Antioch: and this he contrived to do before daybreak. To show the King, however, that he *could* disclose his guilty secret if he would, and in hopes of thus deterring him from pursuing his deadly purposes further, whether against himself or others, Pericles left a sealed paper in his chamber, addressed to the King, and couched in the following terms:—

Those guilty Two—not Two—yet Two in One—
Dare not to question further who they be:
The deadliest crimes are those which soil a Throne.
Abstain! Your dangerous Riddle's known to THREE.

Chapter III.

As Pericles journeyed homeward, he thought but little of the danger he had escaped, and still less of that which awaited him. His mind was altogether occupied by the contemplation of that fair but polluted temple, in which, at the first sight of it, he had hoped to build up his future bliss, but which, now, he could only regard as a rich sepulchre, beautiful to look upon, but filled with rottennes and death.

The thought of this engendered a feeling of bitter disappointment within him, which seemed to grow in strength as he approached towards his beloved city of Tyre; and ere he

reached his palace, a black melancholy had already taken possession of him—covering his late clear brow with shadows, and dimming the hitherto unquenched lustre of his eyes and cheeks. So that when the Lord Helicanus, his chief counsellor and friend, came to greet him on his unexpected return, he was struck with surprise and grief at the quick change which had taken place in the air and countenance of his royal master.

Affectionately as Helicanus was attached to Pericles, he was at first fain to pass over silently this sad change in the look and bearing of the Prince: for he knew that, however kings may treat their favourites as friends, and desire to be treated as the like in return, they will seldom bear to be taken at their words; above all when the occasion may lead to a discovery of that which they would wish to lie concealed. It is an instinct of our nature to feel something like shame at

being thought unhappy, without an apparent and sufficing external cause for being so; for among those who deserve to be happy, none are much otherwise without such cause. And thus it was with Pericles; and Helicanus saw that it was thus. The wisdom and the virtue which had hitherto governed his thoughts and actions, contemned and disavowed the feelings from which his present melancholy sprang; for the fatal beauty of the Princess of Antioch, instead of being cast away from his thoughts, as a poisonous weed is cast from the hand when its qualities are discovered, was still cherished there, as we cherish a sweet-smelling flower, and hide it in our bosoms when its outward beauty is withered.

During the day following that on which Pericles returned to Tyre, Helicanus, finding that he still remained silent, and that the same troubled thoughts seemed to possess him, determined not any longer to permit the re-

gards of mere courtly form to interfere with and render vain the wishes and duties of his long-tried affection.

In brief, he addressed himself, at all risks, to learn the cause of the sad change in the manner and appearance of his royal master; and Pericles, after a short struggle between his new weakness, and the returning sense of what was due to himself and his people, related all that had passed at Antioch, including the dreadful secret which he had discovered, touching the King and his beautiful niece.

This relation, though it moved Helicanus almost as much as the substance of it had done Pericles, affected him in a very different manner. He saw at once that Pericles had made a most dangerous though a natural mistake, in letting the wicked Antiochus know that this his greatest wickedness was no longer concealed from all eyes but his own and hers who participated in it. Guiltless as

the long life of Helicanus had been, he had not passed it in courts and cities without learning that it is almost as unpardonable a crime in the sight of guilty great ones to *know* the secrets of their guilt as to expose them. He knew, too, that so great was the power and influence of the tyrant of Antioch, even princes themselves might have fatal cause to dread the consequences of his displeasure. So that the most anxious fears for the safety of his royal pupil and friend took possession of Helicanus, on receiving the above intelligence; and after duly considering what it was best to do under the embarrassing circumstances in which Pericles was placed, he left no arguments untried to prove to him, that now more than ever it was necessary for the interests of his people that he should absent himself from his kingdom for some time.

Whatever Helicanus might think, as to the dangerous hold which the beauty of the Prin-

cess of Antioch had taken of Pericles' senses, the special reason which he gave for the necessity of this measure was, that without it Pericles' life would stand in daily peril, from the machinations of the tyrant of Antioch, whose jealous fears would not let him rest for a moment under the feeling that there was one living who, of a certainty, knew and could disclose the secret of his foul guiltiness.

At first Pericles could not be persuaded even to listen to this advice; for it was too true that the dazzling beauty of the Princess of Antioch was still misleading his mental vision; and while he thought that he was only contemplating it with feelings of pious horror at the mischief which its wondrous excellence had wrought upon its possessor, and on all who had hitherto dared to look upon it with eyes even of lawful love, his own senses were enchained by its bright enchantments.

But Pericles was of too noble a nature to suffer himself to be long dangerously enthralled by the mere outward types and shadows of excellence; and after a while he determined once more to quit his kingdom for a space, not so much from a fear that his life was in danger from the machinations of Antiochus, as from a prudent and modest distrust of his own power to overcome the mischievous illusion that still clung to him, without the aid of those external excitements which he hoped to find in a total change of scenes, motives, and feelings.

In brief, Pericles prepared for his immediate departure from Tyre; and as it was his fixed determination to remain absent for a considerable space of time, he deputed his sovereign authority into the hands of the wise and faithful Helicanus.

Chapter IV.

There was at this time raging at Tharsus a great famine, which had half depopulated the land, and which the short-sighted and ignoble policy of the neighbouring princes had permitted to take its fatal course; for they thought that thereby the kingdom would become so reduced from its ancient power and splendour, as to fall an easy prey before their ambitious views of conquest and renown. Thither Pericles directed his course, attended by several vessels, bearing corn from the well-stored granaries of Tyre; and there, after a quick and prosperous voyage, he arrived in safety.

The wretched Cleon, Governor of Tharsus, and his wife Dionysa, were lamenting over their hopeless condition, and the desolate plight of their late proud and happy city, when a messenger from the neighbouring port entered hastily, and announced to them that many vessels were making towards the land.

"Let them come!" thought aloud the unhappy Cleon. "Famine has already done the work of war upon us, and they have only to seize and bear away their unresisting prey. Our arsenals are silent; our streets and market-places are grass-grown; our pleasant groves and gardens are broken up and polluted with half-covered graves. What can our enemies do for us worse than this? Our temples have exchanged hymns of grateful exultation for prayers broken by sighs; and their incense cannot ascend to the gods for the tears that wet it. Our theatres are empty and dead; foul creatures harbour in their stately galleries, and in their beautiful places

obscene birds build and congregate. Our houses are a blank without, and a desolation within: their famine-stricken inmates sit like statues, sullen and silent, gazing upon each other, and waiting their turn to die; or, in the madness of their sorrow, parents look upon their own children with horrid longings, and blaspheme the gods that gave them.—Let them come!" continued Cleon after a brief pause; "what can they bring us worse than that which is with us or awaits us? And if they could, what can we do to stay them?"

As he spake, and was about to retire with Dionysa from the chamber, faint cries were heard without, from the few people who had collected on the shore; and presently a lord of Pericles' court was ushered in, who claimed permission for the Prince's ships to enter the harbour. He explained the occasion of their coming, and the name and rank of their leader; and he added, that all his royal master asked in return for the timely help he

had brought with him was, an asylum for himself and his people for a brief space.

Cleon scarcely dared to hope that this tale might be true; and yet he scarcely cared to think that it was false. He gave a cold consent to the entrance of Pericles' ships into his harbour; and then retired to wait the event, with a sort of sad indifference as to what it might prove.

Before the day was over there was not a face in Tharsus, not even the palest, but was lighted up with a grave joy. All knew the beneficent intentions of Pericles; and all, even those for whom it came too late, partook by anticipation of his gracious bounty.

In a week Pericles saw the beautiful city waken around him, as if from death; her streets and houses once more alive with busy faces, her temples teeming with thankful worshippers, and his own footsteps followed, wherever he went, by grateful benedictions; and he more than ever found that the surest

means of providing good for ourselves is to spread it abroad upon others. The unwonted weight of melancholy thoughts that he had brought with him to Tharsus grew lighter and lighter every day; and before the end of a month, he began to feel and to confess that the hitherto fatal effects of his unhappy expedition to Antioch were fast wearing away.

But Pericles had yet to learn that one untoward hour may give birth to the bane of a whole life. As he was one day conversing with Cleon, news was brought him that a ship had just entered the port, bearing the flag of Tyre; and presently afterwards messengers entered, with letters from his faithful friend and counsellor, Helicanus, the purport of which proved that their joint fears touching the secret purposes of the King of Antioch were not without good foundation.

It appeared that an emissary from Antioch had reached Tyre shortly after the departure of Pericles; and his conduct on learning of

the Prince's absence, together with other circumstances which the vigilant fidelity of Helicanus had enabled him to discover, seemed to leave no doubt as to the nature of his errand.

The letters of Helicanus left no argument unurged to prove to Pericles the necessity of his immediate departure from Tharsus; and they further counselled him to studiously conceal the place of his future destination, as it was certain that the King of Antioch would leave no means unattempted, of compassing the death of one whose life must prove a daily source of terror to him; especially as that life was to be looked upon as in some sort forfeited, by the voluntary compact entered into by its owner, relative to the cause of his late visit to Antioch.

Again, therefore, did Pericles address himself to the search of new adventures; and he further determined on concealing his name and rank, dismissing all his attendants except

a few chosen friends, and sending back all his ships except the one which was to bear him on his way—as yet he knew not whither. But this time he set forth with far other hopes and feelings than those which had accompanied him on his way to Tharsus. His youthful spirits had well-nigh resumed their wonted activity; and though the affectionate reverence that he felt for Helicanus had determined him to yield to his counsels, he put aside all fears that pointed at his own personal safety, and thought only of the new scenes that awaited him in distant lands, and of the knowledge and wisdom that he might draw from them, with a view to the future government of his beloved Tyre.

Chapter V.

All things being prepared for his departure, Pericles took leave of Tharsus amid the grateful benedictions of her chief and the whole assembled people, and put to sea, with the intention of leaving the direction of his course to the will of the Gods. That will was but too soon manifested. On reaching the open sea, the vessel of Pericles had, in obedience to the impulse of the winds, steered westward from Tharsus during the whole day, it being the Prince's determination to put in at the first great city on the neighbouring coast. But, as night came on, the winds arose, the sky became overcast, and at length

a great tempest burst upon the devoted vessel of Pericles, and rendered fruitless all efforts of the mariners to controul its course.

All night long the storm continued, and the vessel drove at random before its blind fury; and when at last the next day's sun (already high in the heavens) broke through and partially dispersed the exhausted clouds, it looked upon a sea still labouring with the effects of the late tempest, but from the face of which all traces of man and his frail fabrics had disappeared. But on the near shore there lay a human form, stretched out dead or senseless, as if left there by the receding waters. It was the body of Prince Pericles. He alone of all the crew had escaped from the sinking ship, as she struck upon a hidden rock and went to pieces the next instant.

The storm had now entirely dispersed, and the noonday sun shone hot upon the barren sands on which the body of Pericles lay, when some fishermen descended from the neigh-

bouring heights, to prepare their nets, and to get ready their little boat, which was moored in a creek near at hand. They immediately perceived the seeming corpse, and approached it; and as they did so, its suspended powers revived beneath the action of the warm sunshine, and it shewed signs of life.

Briefly, the strength of Pericles, exhausted by long swimming, speedily recovered itself by the friendly care of the fishermen, who conducted him to one of their cottages near at hand, and left him in the care of a female. There he learned that the shore on which he had been cast was that of Pentapolis, and that Cyrene, the capital city of the kingdom, was situated only a few leagues off.

Further, Pericles learned that great shows and feastings were about to take place in that city, on occasion of the birth-day of the beautiful Thaisa, daughter of the King, Simonides, and that, above all, there was to be a great tournament, the conqueror at which

would, it was expected, be allowed to claim the hand of the princess, provided he could find favour in *her* sight as well as her royal father's; for it was said that the wise and good Simonides felt himself a king and a father, only in so far as the happiness of his people and his children were concerned, and that what he sought in a son-in-law was, not birth, power, and high estate, but those qualities that were likely to bring good to his subjects, and make his daughter happy.

More deeply than before did Pericles now regret the loss of his good ship and its contents, since it seemed to place farther out of reach than ever his chief object in quitting his kingdom; for utterly desolate and unknown as he now found himself, how could he think of presenting himself at the court of Simonides, or hope (even if he should feel so disposed) to find favour in the sight of the princess?

The day was spent in vain regrets for his

late misfortune, and the night in still vainer dreams of the near future, blended strangely and fantastically with the present and the past. But what he grieved for most of all, after the death of his faithful followers, was the loss of his favourite suit of armour, which had hitherto always accompanied him wherever he went, and for which he felt a sort of superstitious reverence; because it had been worn by the late king, his father, in all his battles, and had been consigned to the son at his death, as the most precious gift which its owner had to leave behind him. While possessed of this, Pericles did not seem to fear that any insurmountable ill could befal him; but now that it was lost, his spirits and his heart, for the first time, failed within him, and he began to think that the Gods themselves had forgotten to care for him.

But even now, while Pericles is giving full sway to his fears, and feeling as if all hope had left him, an event is at hand which will

act like a happy omen upon his half-sinking spirit, and give it new strength to fulfil the strange and varied destinies that await him. With the break of morning, the fisherman at whose hut Pericles had found shelter, returned from his dangerous quest; but without the usual fruits of his labour. He and his companions, he said, having met with little success while out at sea, had, on their return homewards, flung their nets much nearer to shore than was customary with them; and one of them, on its owner attempting to recover it, was found to be firmly attached to some object, which it could neither remove nor get free from; and that, on the others going to his assistance, they had, with the aid of their grappling-irons, succeeded in lifting from the sea into one of their boats a complete suit of rich but antique armour; which was the object found to be entangled in the meshes of the net. He added, that it could not have remained long in the sea, for

its brightness was scarcely tarnished by the waters.

The heart of Pericles stirred and warmed and grew strong within him, as the fisherman related his little tale; and by the time it was concluded, you might have seen the light of hope taking the place of the late darkness in his deep eyes, the blood mantling to his cheek, a spirit of new joy gathering round his lips, and his whole form dilating and lifting itself where he sat.

"It is mine," he exclaimed proudly and aloud, as the fisherman concluded; "the armour is mine! Where is it?"

And he rose, and was about to leave the hut abruptly, without waiting for a reply to his question. But the next moment his grave mind gathered its new thoughts together; and he returned, and grew calm, and addressed the friendly fisherman, as one on whom the fulfilment of all his new-born hopes depended.

"The armour, my friend, that you have rescued from the waves, is mine. I am a knight of Tyre, journeying to foreign shores in quest of adventures that may in time render me worthy to wear that sacred gift of a dead father, and his still more sacred name. The ship in which I voyaged was, in the storm of two nights ago, wrecked on your coast, and all my companions and friends perished by its fury. I alone escaped,—escaped, as I lately thought, only to bewail the chance that saved me; but now, burning with mingled shame for my mistrust of the Gods, and with newly-awakened hopes of proving my gratitude to them. There are feasts and revellings, I hear, about to be held, in the capital of your land; and a great tournament, the victor at which is to receive a bright reward. I would fain repair thither on the instant. Which of ye will be my guide? All that I bore with me perished in the good ship that brought me hither. But I

may still repay your kindness; for this omen that you announce to me speaks fair fortunes in the future. All that I need is a steed, a good sword, and a guide to direct my steps toward your fair city. Find the means of furnishing me these; and if the knight of Tyre does not return to thank and ——— Stay!" said he, seeming suddenly to recollect,—"I have here a jewelled ring, of price and beauty (and he drew it from his finger); it was once worth the wearing of a king. Take it, and provide me what I need. Bring me the best horse and the best sword that your city can furnish. It will purchase them both, and, perchance, leave wherewith to season my thanks for your fair service. Take it."

The fisherman and his wife listened with faces of blank surprise to the quick speech of Pericles; and when he had concluded, the man took the offered ring, and after gazing on its dazzling beauty for a moment, left the

hut to join his companions; while Pericles went with eager steps to where the armour had been deposited on the open shore.

Meanwhile the fishermen consulted together on the speech of Pericles; and as there was that in his mien and manner which gained instant belief for all he uttered, the result was that his wishes were speedily complied with; and the evening of the same day saw him enter the noble city of Cyrene, a lone warrior, with no possessions but his sword, his armour, and his steed; but richer in these, and the high hopes that youth and health once more called to life within him, than (without these) the richest train of followers that his own Tyre was capable of furnishing could have made him.

Chapter VI.

The next day was that appointed for the great festival which was to honour the birth of the beautiful Thaisa, only daughter of the King Simonides. The morning which ushered in the day showed every corner of the bright city alive and busy with preparations for the tournament, and the banquet which was to follow it; while at intervals processions were issuing from the temples, and traversing in long interminable lines the streets and market-places; crowds were gathering together in the open spaces, speculating on the results of the day; sacrifices were every here and there sending up their thin smoke into the

clear blue air that overhung the marble fanes of the city; and every window and house-top was alive with bright faces, looking forth from time to time upon the passing scene beneath.

It was in a great open space, aside from the city walls, that the lists for the tournament were set out; and from this spot at length the trumpets sounded, announcing that the preparations were completed, and that the king and his lovely daughter were about to approach.

As the venerable Simonides led his fair child by the hand, through the crowd that fell back on either side while they passed, and ascended the steps of the throne that was raised for them, and at last seated her by his side, still holding her hand within his, it might clearly be seen that his mind was occupied with far other thoughts than those engendered by the outward shows which awaited their attention.

The princess herself, now for the first time openly presented to the assembled people, seemed to have merged all senses in that of sight alone; all impressions seemed to be absorbed in a sweet and eager curiosity, touching the new scenes that everywhere surrounded her. Still there was a tranquil and touching softness spread over and penetrating every look and motion, which the novel feelings and images that were stirring within her could in nowise disturb; and as she continued to gaze intently on the general scene, without marking any particular feature belonging to it, a slight shade of half-wondering sadness passed into her face, as if she were looking on a picture which foreshadowed her future fortunes.

When every preparatory arrangement had been made, each of the knights who were about to take part in the tournament, advanced separately to the foot of the throne upon which the Princess Thaisa was seated,

and presented to her his shield, whereon was engraven the motto indicating the tone of mind in which he had undertaken the contest. In some instances hope was expressed; in others the deep humility in which real lovers feel so much pride; others contained some high-wrought compliment; but all denoted a pleasurable condition of mind, originating in the sanguine confidence entertained by each knight in his own prowess.

The unknown knight was the last who presented himself; and his shield bore the device of a withered branch, that was green only at the top. This device was not accompanied by any motto; but nevertheless seemed to be understood by Simonides, who turned to Thaisa, and said:—

"A pretty moral—is it not? You see, by his dejected state, that he hopes, through you, his fortunes yet may flourish."

The lords attendant upon Simonides were moved to sarcastic smiles by the unusual

appearance of this last combatant; but their slighting observations were presently checked on perceiving the tone assumed by the King, who seemed to be more favourably inclined towards the unknown knight than to any other of the candidates.

Thaisa, on the other hand, whatever were the feelings wrought in her by the mien and bearing of the strange knight, maintained throughout the ensuing combat that grave reserve of aspect and demeanour which came over her the moment she first looked upon him.

The result of the tournament fulfilled the half-unconscious anticipations of Simonides, touching the unknown warrior, who successively vanquished every one of the knights, not only in the appointed trials of valour and skill, but in those minor feats of agility and sport by which the higher solemnities of the day were followed.

Finally, at the banquet which closed the ceremonies, and at which, as victor of the

sports, he was placed next to the King and Thaisa, the accomplished conversation of Pericles so entirely won the favour of Simonides, that though he believed his guest to be no other than a simple knight of Tyre, who had been wrecked on the neighbouring coast while in search of knightly adventures, he at once determined to court his alliance with Thaisa, if the Princess herself was satisfied to receive him as her husband.

Accordingly Simonides invited Pericles to make a lengthened stay at the court of Pentapolis ; and (briefly—for the adventures of half a life await us) the Prince of Tyre wooed, won, and at the end of a fitting period, married the beautiful daughter of the good King, Simonides.

Chapter VII.

Nearly a year had elapsed after the marriage of Prince Pericles with the Princess Thaisa —which period they passed in happy nuptial tranquillity at the court of the good Simonides —when messengers arrived at Tharsus, bringing to Pericles a communication from Helicanus, to the effect that he feared it would be impossible for him any longer to restrain the impatience of the people, under the mysterious absence of their Prince. The faithful Helicanus further stated that the people of Tyre had offered to transfer the crown to himself, and that he had only been able to restrain them from this demonstration

of their confidence in him, by engaging to accept the proffered trust, provided, at the expiration of another year, no tidings should have been heard of their absent Prince Finally, Helicanus communicated to his royal master the death of his powerful and bitter enemy, Antiochus; who, together with his beautiful paramour, had been struck by fire from Heaven whilst exulting in their guilty greatness; thus offering a signal mark of the just vengeance of the offended Gods.

On receiving these communications, Pericles immediately prepared for his departure from Tharsus; but he endeavoured to persuade Thaisa to remain behind, on account of the prospect of her soon becoming a mother. This proposition, however, she strenuously opposed, gently but resistlessly urging her irrepressible desire of accompanying her beloved lord, wheresoever his destiny might lead him.

According, Pericles and Thaisa took their

departure, in a ship which Simonides caused to be prepared for them, Thaisa being attended only by her nurse Lychorida; the grief of the good Simonides, and of his loving people, at the loss of their amiable Princess, being in some degree mitigated by learning what, until now, Pericles had concealed from all—namely, the real station to which he was about to conduct his chosen wife and Queen.

The ship which bore the royal pair had not long put forth to sea, before there arose a great storm, which at once drove it from its intended course, and threatened destruction to all on board.

Notwithstanding the imminent peril which, under these circumstances, awaited the condition of his beloved Thaisa—for her hour of travail was evidently close at hand—he was compelled to remain on deck, in order, by his presence, to sustain the sinking courage of the sailors.

While thus engaged, and when the tempest

was at its height, Lychorida appeared before him, with a new-born infant in her arms, which during a momentary lull in the storm, she presented to Pericles, saying to him—

"Here, my gracious Lord—here, in this tender thing, too young for either grief or fear, behold all that is left of your dead Queen."

Thunder-stricken as Pericles was by those terrible words, they scarcely seemed to move him—so loud and urgent were the claims on his courage and prudence, which now immediately presented themselves; for the sailors, thus learning the death of the Princess, and finding that the storm rather increased than abated, became clamorous for the instant disposal of the corpse of Thaisa; deeming, in their superstitious fear, that the tempest would never cease while the dead body remained on board.

The choice of evils was terrible for Pericles: but the sight of his infant left him no hesita-

tion between them. He descended to where his lost treasure lay, caused a large chest to be brought to him, and softly placed the body within it, which had previously been tenderly wrapt by Lychorida in such garments as were at hand. Pericles then gazed silently for a few moments, on the face that lay in its calm pale beauty before him; and as he gazed, his soul seemed leaving him, to enter for the last time that holy temple, at whose now extinguished altar the homage of his living love had so lately been paid. So still and statue-like had grown the expression of that countenance, it seemed to send forth an influence all about it, which hushed (for the ear of the rapt gazer at least) the very storm itself that raged without.

But presently, the human voices of the sailors clamoured away the solemn calm that enfolded the Prince, and recalled him to her duties which beset him. Casting his thoughts hastily around him, he

bad Lychorida bring him implements of writing; waiting which, he placed carefully on the shrouded breast of his dead lady, a regal ornament of jewels, which she had worn on her marriage-day. He also placed on either side of her, small bags of rare perfumes, and rich spices, hoping thereby to preserve that beautiful form, and those serene features, from that corruption, the mere imagination of which seemed to turn his heart into stone. Then, writing on a scroll her name and condition when in life, and begging, from whom soever the words might reach, the holy rites of prayer and sepulture, he closed the lid upon that face and form which had lately been dearer to him than all the world besides; caused the seams of the chest to be so prepared and secured, that no drop of water could enter them; and then cast his dead treasure to the booming waters, bidding it, as it disappeared beneath them, to lie in peace among the simple shells.

Often we pay as dearly for our follies, as we always do for our crimes: for this one act of weakness—this wrong compliance with the ignorant superstition of his sailors—the wise and virtuous Pericles paid by twenty years of unavailing grief!

As if to confirm the strange superstition of the sailors, the storm abated almost immediately the devouring waves had received this sad tribute to their power; and presently the sea grew calm and still as the sleeping infant at whom Pericles stood gazing through his tears, unconscious that the storm was not still raving round about him.

On the mists clearing away, the sailors discovered that their vessel was close upon the coast of Tharsus; learning which the bereaved Prince seemed, as it were, to gather up the remnants of his shipwrecked hopes, and hang them round the tender image of his still sleeping infant, as men hang coronals of flowers on the monumental effigies of those

they have lost. Presently, however, as he still gazed upon her in a sad joy which knew no words, the infant awoke, and moved its little lips, as if in blind search of that which should have met them, and, missing it, uttered a plaintive cry.

That little sound struck upon the father's heart, and seemed to wake it to that sense of new duties, from which its great sorrow had hitherto drawn it. Shaking from about him all external evidences of his grief, he gave directions that the vessel's prow should immediately be pointed towards the harbour of Tharsus, whither, in due course, it arrived in safety.

At Tharsus, Pericles knew that he should find a grateful friend in the good Cleon, its Governor, and to him he determined to intrust his dear babe, the sole relict of his lost Thaisa. And there, for the present, we must leave the sorrowing Prince to watch over the infancy of his Marina, (so called by him because of

her sea-birth), until the period was on the point of expiring which Helicanus had named as the necessary limit of his return to Tyre; —when he left her, and at length arrived in safety in his own kingdom, and resumed his beneficent sway; his infant daughter (in dread of the long sea-voyage at that perilous season) being consigned to the care and training of the grateful Cleon, and his seemingly virtuous wife, Dioniza, who had recently given to her lord a daughter, with whom she promised that Marina should be bred up as a sister in all things.

Chapter VIII.

We must now recur to the morning following the day on which Thaisa's body had been so hastily consigned by Pericles to the devouring waves.

On that morning there was walking and watching on the seashore of Ephesus, the wise and learned Cerimon—wise, that he used his great learning and knowledge to wise and good ends. He was waiting and watching the chance that his acquaintance with medicine, and the secrets that are lodged in herbs, plants and flowers, and even in the dead stones, might be turned to the good and comfort of those unfortunate sea-goers whom the

great tempest of the previous night might cast upon the shore..

As he wandered thoughtfully with this end, Cerimon, on turning a small jutting headland, perceived at a little distance two fishermen, who were engaged about a large chest, which appeared to have been just drifted on to the strand, from the bosom of the receding waters.

Confirmed by this circumstance in his expectation that a shipwreck must have taken place on their coast, Cerimon concerted with the fishermen that they should bring their treasure (for such, from its great weight, they supposed it to be,) to his dwelling near at hand; promising to satisfy them for the value of their good-fortune, and then intending to preserve the contents of the chest, whatever they might be, till it should appear whether or not the unfortunate owners would claim them.

On arriving with their heavy burden at the

dwelling of Cerimon, the fishermen were eager that the chest should be opened and examined immediately, and instruments were procured for that purpose.

No sooner was the lid of the chest lifted a finger's breadth from its position, than the apartment in which they stood was filled with the breath of rich spices and perfumes, and the standers-by were confirmed in their hopes that they had found a valuable treasure: for such merchandize was estimated at its weight in fine silver, and even in gold. But Cerimon, on perceiving this intimation of the nature of the chest's contents, checked the eagerness of the fishermen, and caused them to proceed in their work with extreme care and caution; as if impressed with the belief that the circumstance which had excited their mingled curiosity and cupidity arose from a cause very different from that to which they attributed it.

The peculiar odour of the spices and per-

fumes which issued from the chest, on the partial opening of it to the outward air, had in truth led Cerimon to a suspicion which greatly abated the astonishment he would otherwise have felt, and which took entire possession of all the other spectators, when, on removing the lid of the chest, and raising a rich scarf which first presented itself beneath, they beheld the body of a beautiful female, clothed from head to foot in the most costly garments; the pale face serene as those of the statues of their Gods; the small hands lying like white flowers embedded in the richly-coloured garment beneath; and on the breast a regal jewel, which, as the light fell upon it, sparkled and blazed like a living thing.

The fishermen, and those in attendance on Cerimon, were so heart-stricken by the sight before them, that they neither spake nor moved, waiting, as it should seem, the signal of Cerimon himself, before they could feel

satisfied whether they looked upon a sober reality or a vision of the brain. But Cerimon, after gazing for a few moments on the face that lay in its marble repose beneath his sight, felt a sudden flush come over all his frame, as if some secret sympathy was stirring within him. The next moment, as he still gazed, a tremor passed throughout him, and his lips, as if unconsciously, and without communication with his thoughts, uttered,

"This lady lives!"

The words, as they fell upon the ear of him who uttered them, seemed to arouse him from a momentary trance of mingled awe and astonishment; at once he resumed his self-possession; and, ere he spake another word, he seized upon a scroll which lay beside the hand of the seeming corpse, and unfolding it, read as follows:—

"Here I give to understand,
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, King Pericles, have lost
A Queen worth all our mundane cost.

Who finds her, give her burying;
She was the daughter of a King.
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity!"

"No, no!" exclaimed Cerimon earnestly "We bury the dead, not the living; and this lady lives, if ever the sister flowers, Death and Life, grew on one stem. What may this be? The daughter and the wife of a King cast forth to the mercy of the merciless waters? What may this mean? No matter—look we to the effect."

And instantly he gave orders to prepare fire n an inner chamber, where the body was presently removed, and every appliance used which thought or skill could devise, to awaken the flame of life that Cerimon felt assured was lying dormant, but not extinguished, within that mausoleum of flesh.

Many hours and much anxious care were bestowed by Cerimon on the task he had set himself, during the whole progress of which

he caused soft music to be sounded in an adjoining chamber; for he feared that if the lady's senses were awakened too suddenly, or the view of external objects were presented to her bodily vision before the soul or spirit had been called into life by that mysterious communion which reaches it through the ear alone, and in sleep equally as in the waking hours, the sudden surprise and terror of finding herself among strangers, and in such unwonted circumstances, would defeat all his hopes at the very moment of their fruition, and give her back to Death while in the very act of snatching her from his grasp.

Still and pale she lay as a marble statue, and Cerimon was gazing upon her with an intent look of half-doubting sadness, when, as the keen music without uttered a plaintive fall,—lo! a faint colour,—is it not so?—passes for a moment into her cheeks and lips, and then again it is gone! Or was it fancy? for now she is pale as before, and no motion tells

of life—no breath gives mist to the mirror of polished silver that he applies to her lips.

He gazes more intently than ever, and as the music without again repeats that touching phrase of its melody—lo! again that colour, less faint than before, and less evanescent, changes the beauty of death into the beauty of life! The lips move; the breast heaves beneath its chaste covering; the lady breathes; she lives! The dim, transparent eyelids lift themselves slowly from over the orbs they had scarcely seemed to hide. Again the lips move, and murmuring sounds issue from them.

"My Lord! Lychorida; where is my Lord? Where am I? That music! it breathes of heaven. Where am I?"

During the utterance of these sounds, which were so low and soft they scarcely took the form of words, Cerimon had caused all the attendants to retire from the apartment, and had introduced into it a young

matron, the favourite companion and instructress of his own daughter, (for Cerimon mourned a widowed bed,) whom he had, in his confident hope of the lady's recovery, carefully tutored in the needful treatment during the first moments of her renewed life; for he knew that a relapse at such a moment would be fatal.

Finally, all things befel as the good Cerimon wished. But the Lady Thaisa, thus born to a new life, in which she found herself bereaved of all that had hitherto been dear to her, and, above all, a something dearer than all, which she seemed to lament the more that she had never known it, (for all her efforts could not recal to her memory with certainty that she was or had been a mother);—the Lady Thaisa, as she recollected, one by one, the blessings she had lost, scarcely knew at first whether to lament or rejoice over the life that had been given back to her. Still she knew not but she was a mother and a wife;

and that she was a daughter she doubted not: so that, when Cerimon had fully explained to her the extraordinary circumstances under which she had reached Ephesus, a distant hope gradually dawned and grew upon her heart, which sustained her loneliness; and learning that there was a temple near at hand, dedicated to Diana, she sought an asylum within its chaste walls; where we must now leave her to that holy tranquillity which never yet failed to grow out of virtuous thoughts and pure desires.

PART II.

Chapter IX.

Between the first part of our Tale, and that which now opens, an interval of sixteen years has elapsed; touching the events of which years our purpose requires no further detail than the statement that Pericles, on his return to his kingdom at the expiration of the twelve months named by Helicanus, found his people in rebellion against the delegated rule of his beloved tutor and friend, instigated thereto by the cabals of an ambitious and wicked lord of the court, who had succeeded in placing himself in the chief rule, in banishing

Helicanus to a distant land, and in so preparing for the possible return of Pericles himself as, by means of his creatures, to intercept the Prince before he could make himself known to his still faithful subjects, and cast him into a dungeon.

There, even until the epoch at which our Tale now reopens, the good Prince remained, a patient prisoner, growing wiser every succeeding year, and happier in his wisdom, because of the hope that heaven kept alive within him: for nothing could make him believe that the Gods would allow wickedness to prosper ever, and goodness lie forgotten in the dust. So did he hope on from day to day, and daily did he see in the distance the dear image of the infant he had left behind him at Tharsus—had happily left there—since, had she returned with him to Tyre, her fate had doubly saddened his own.

At length, at the expiration of sixteen years, the iron rule of the false lord who had seized

on the government of Tyre was dissolved by his sudden and violent death; and the people of the land, whose loving memory of their former Prince and his wise Minister was still strong within them, concerted measures for the recall of Helicanus, supposing that the retreat of the Prince himself might be known to him: for the concealment of Pericles had been so cunningly contrived that no hint of it had ever reached the public ear. Now, however, that the two minions of the dead usurper, who had ministered so successfully to his guilty designs, found that they could no longer hope to profit by their labours in his service, they fled from Tyre with their guilty gains, leaving behind them (for they cherished no animosity against the imprisoned Prince,) certain indications, which at once led to his release. And the very day which witnessed the return of Helicanus from his forced exile, saw Pericles once more seated on the throne of his beloved Tyre.

And now behold Prince Pericles invested as it were with a new being, the first movements of which point towards that one goal to which all his thoughts and desires have been directed during sixteen years of blank bereavement—blank as a midnight sky, with only one star visible in it, but that one capable of dissolving all the circumjacent gloom. The thoughts of Pericles are once more given to his princely duties. But having, by means of his restored Helicanus, taken care for the welfare of his people, behold him again a Wanderer on the face of the waters, on his way to distant Tharsus; not without a strange and wayward misgiving, stronger and more distinct than any that he had felt during all his long years of imprisoned solitude.

But we must reach Tharsus before him, and inquire into the fate of his Marina. During all those years in which Pericles had been hoping and dreaming towards that cynosure of his solitary heart, she had been grow-

ing in beauty and in virtue, under the grateful care of the good Cleon and his wife Dioniza; taught and tended with scarcely less fondness and devotion than their own daughter, the gentle Lelia, and using that teaching to such ends that she was now accomplished in every feminine art and feature of learning; and she was even more gifted in body than in mind.

Not so with her sweet companion, Lelia, who, as the friends (both nearly of an age) verged on womanhood, fell off in external beauty in proportion as she progressed in intellectual growth and acquirement; so that, while the bodily and the mental perfections of Marina served to set off and heighten each other, the beauties of Lelia's mind seemed, in the eyes of her doting mother, to contrast painfully with the growing defects of her person.

No sooner had this impression fixed itself in the mind of Dioniza than a total change seemed to take place in her character. The

natural kindliness of her woman's heart, and the deep sentiment of gratitude which she had hitherto felt towards the father of Marina, gave way suddenly and at once, and all her fondness for her foster-daughter seemed to be consumed in the burning envy that took possession of her, when she observed, and found that others observed, the personal superiority of Marina over her own child. For it was the beauty alone of Pericles' daughter that troubled the mother's pride of Dioniza's soul; the mental qualifications of Marina, as compared with those of her own child, she could have overlooked, or, in her changed temper of mind, she could have disputed them had they troubled her; but the surpassing beauty of the young stranger came upon her senses daily and hourly, and through them struck a blight upon her heart, and changed her, from a kind and loving woman, to an incarnate fiend.

No sooner had this fatal passion seized upon Dioniza than she yielded herself up,

heart and soul, to its foul suggestions; and as great ones ever find instruments at hand, ready to work their will, be it wicked or virtuous, she had presently arranged with Leonine, a lord of the court, that the beautiful Marina should, at all hazards, be got rid of.

This project, however, required great caution, as well as cunning, in the management of its details; for Dioniza knew that no arguments or persuasions could induce the good Cleon to consent to any treatment of Marina inconsistent with his almost parental fondness for her, and the gratitude to her father, of which that fondness was at once the offspring and the type. It was therefore determined, after many consultations between Dioniza and her creature, the Lord Leonine, that he should secretly enter into terms with certain pirates who were known to frequent that coast, and to whom facilities should be given to carry off the royal maiden, while she

was taking one of her accustomed walks on the sea shore in front of the palace, accompanied only by her constant companion, Lelia, and attended only by Leonine.

This guilty project was no sooner matured than it was carried into effect with perfect success, but with a result little anticipated by the wicked concoctor of it,—a result which amply punished the guilty one, through the means of those very feelings and sympathies which it outraged and set at nought. The violent seizure and carrying away on board their vessel of Marina, by the pirates, necessarily took place before the eyes of Lelia, in whose behoof it had been brought about by her short-sighted mother; and such was the shock and alarm to her youthful feelings, and such the absorbing affection she had ever borne to her foster-sister and friend, that the two influences together struck a blight into her blood, which seemed to turn its very substance into a living distemper; under which

she withered day by day; so that, within one moon's course from the day of Marina's loss, the gentle Lelia was laid in an early grave,—over which her desolate parents wept themselves away in a speechless grief, which was made tenfold bitter in the breast of Dioniza, by the remorse that blended with it.

Chapter X.

It was in the midst of the grief of Cleon and Dioniza for the loss of both their children (for such they now felt them both to have been—the one equally with the other), that Pericles arrived at Tharsus, in search of tidings of his infant child; and not till those tidings were communicated to him was the measure of Cleon's grief and Dioniza's remorse completed: for on his receiving the news of his beloved infant (she was still as an infant to him, for so only had he known and thought and dreamed of her)—on his receiving the news of her having grown up to woman's estate, a type and model of every virtue and beauty,

only to be torn from him for ever, and by a fate which he felt to be worse even than death itself; just, too, as he was on the eve of taking her to his arms and heart, to bless her, and himself through her, in what he might have hoped to find an enduring peace and contentment; his mind and soul seemed stricken as if with a mighty blow, that shook them to their very foundations, as an earthquake shakes the solid mountain, and rives it to its base. His reason became on the instant a wreck; his heart seemed turned into stone; the fountains of his tears were dried up; his tongue uttered no word but the one great outcry which marked the terrible change that was in an instant worked within him; and the wise and noble and kind and princely Pericles of yesterday, was to-day an object to be pitied by the very beggar that stood at his gate.

And so for a while we are compelled to leave him, in the care and tendance of his

good minister and friend, the faithful Helicanus, who had attended him on this expedition,—while we follow the fortunes of the innocent cause of all this sorrow and desolation.

No sooner had the pirates conveyed Marina on board their vessel, and looked with unhurried eyes on the treasure which had thus been consigned to them by Fortune, than their savage natures were touched with a new sense, as if from heaven: for there was about the beauty of Marina that divine halo of innocence, which, to those who first look upon it in its tender grief, has something more awful than the frown of a sculptured divinity, yet more touching and purifying than the sense of a present and absorbing sorrow.

Now that the first burst of surprise and indignation had subsided in Marina, all the terror of her situation seemed to have passed away, and a spirit to have descended upon her, which gave her absolute command over

every feeling of her heart, and every thought of her soul. All feminine fears seemed to leave her utterly; and in their place came a kind of holy courage, born of Faith and Innocence, which bad her calmly defy all auguries of ill, and refuse to believe the possibility of any destiny inconsistent with her own pure thoughts, and the goodness of the Gods who made and had kept them pure.

So there she sat, in the midst of those rude and half-savage men, hearing their loud talk and riotous mirth, but heeding them not; her still face made glorious by the faith that beamed from it as she looked upward to the glowing skies;—there she sat, as if it had been some divine statue, that they were conveying from the work-room of its sculptor, to the temple of its worship in some distant lands.

And so, in some sort, that fair creature was, to those rude and ruthless men of the sea; for rude and ruthless though they were, there was in their sea-nursed nature some-

thing noble, which would not let them even think of offering harm or outrage to the pale innocence that appeared to put faith in them, any more than if she had really been the dead image that she seemed.

Away that light vessel bounds like a happy living thing over the bright waters, until it reaches the distant shores of Mitylene, where those pirates have determined to carry their prize; and during all that long course no hand has profaned with its unholy touch, no eye has looked on with unseemly passion, that majestic Innocence which sits enthroned there in its calm silence, as if ill could not come near it. Even the grief that at first marked (without marring) those still, grave features, has now utterly passed away, and nothing dwells there but that faith in things unseen which, when it is taxed to the uttermost, as it here was, absorbs in its glowing vortex all other instincts; making the memory a blank; shutting out the Present as with a

curtain of hazy light, through which we see, yet see it not; and making present the Future, as the glass of the astronomer makes present the hidden lights of heaven.

And so did that innocent child-woman, Marina, ride in triumph across the waters, from Tharsus to Mitylene, with a triumph to which that of the Egyptian Queen over the World's Master was as dust and ashes.

Chapter XI.

We have said that the holy innocence of Marina had power to triumph over the rude nature and the savage passions of those sea-robbers, who, for a little pelf which they spent recklessly in the gratification of those same passions, did not hesitate to tear her with violence from her happy home. But there is one degree of human vileness over which nothing good has power—in the presence of which no human sympathy can live: and at the mercy of such vileness it was the strange destiny of Marina to fall. May the Gods look down and watch over her: for they have permitted her—for their own wise ends—to be

placed within that innermost circle of human wickedness, where her very innocence itself will prove her worst enemy, and provide her deepest peril.

The pirates have moored their vessel off the harbour of Mitylene, and their chief has gone on shore, in the disguise of a slave-merchant, to judge in what way he may best turn to account the rich prize which fortune has thrown into his hands. He has scarcely stepped on shore from his boat, which awaits him at the quay with part of the crew, when he meets a friend, who is in converse with another (seeming) merchant; and he relates to the former his errand in those parts; extolling, in terms of Eastern hyperbole, the wondrous beauty of the female slave he would dispose of, but (by reason of the unlawful manner in which he came possessed of her) declaring that only on board his own vessel will he allow her to be seen, and will treat for the purchase of her.

The stranger, who had listened to the discourse of the pirate chief with a still indifference of feature which was contradicted by the cold cunning that looked through his hard, glazed eye, parted from the two conversers as the seeming merchant finished speaking; and as the latter went his way towards the market-place, the stranger followed him quickly, and entered into a conference with him, the result of which alone concerns our story.

Suffice it that, by nightfall, new terrors had seized on the soul of Marina, as she found herself consigned to the hands of that cold-eyed man, and of a being of her own sex, his companion, the first sight of whom (she knew nor guessed not why) filled her with an instinctive dread, with which the pirates themselves had at no time inspired her. As that foul woman—if woman she was—approached her, she shrunk with a sense of loathing, such as she had never before felt, even at the serpents and

crawling things that had crossed her path in her childish wanderings; and this feeling was blended with a kind of feminine shame, which, ever and anon, as she looked upon her, sent blushes to her face, that seemed to speak the very air infected with the guilt that breathed from out that poisonous creature.

But this terrible feeling shook the soul of Marina for a brief space only; and it may be that the good Gods sent it to her, in answer to her silent prayers for help and aid in her strange sorrow, the better to fortify her soul for the extremity that awaited her.

Whether it were so or not, as those two pestilent creatures led Marina through the dark streets of Mitylene, to their darker abode at one extremity of the city, she breathed from about her all fear, as if it were in some sort a guiltiness to the Gods; and by the time they had conducted her to a

chamber, placed food of the best before her, and a lighted lamp, and had left her to herself, (during all which interval, from her first looking upon those two on board the pirate's vessel, she had uttered no word,) she once more felt within her that assurance of self-safety which had never wholly quitted her but while she looked upon the foul smile that seemed to stagnate round the mouth of that serpent woman. She was now, for the first moment since her seizure by the pirates, alone; and as she cast her eyes upward, as if to pierce the walls that shut out from her bodily sight alone the starlit heavens, a solemn calm seemed to descend thence upon her soul; she rose up for a moment, as if lifted by wings; and then, relapsing again to the seat she had for a moment quitted, she rested upon her folded hand the marble paleness of a face into which had passed that super-human beauty, in which the passions of earth

have no share and no sympathy; and there she sat, as if invulnerable to pain or fear, patiently waiting the will of the immortal Gods.

Chapter XII.

Before the evening of the day following that on which Marina had been conducted to the foul place which her presence for a space transformed into a temple of purity, certain wealthy lords and others of the luxurious city of Mitylene had been apprised of that presence, and invited to pay their golden homage at the shrine of this new idol; the hideous priestess of the temple having, by her vile eloquence, prepared them to behold such charms as no eye had before looked upon, even in that luxurious mart of Greek beauty. But as she had hitherto been unable, either by threats or by seeming kindness, to extract

from Marina any word or sign, beyond that expression of shrinking and tremulous loathing which seized upon her every time that living pollution entered her presence, she had thought it expedient to anticipate to her several clients the unusual nature of the reception which she expected they would at first meet with; putting her own interpretation on it, and bidding them believe that the result depended on themselves; thinking that each one who approached the maiden would thus be prepared for the utmost amount of that waywardness which heightens the beauty from which it springs, and sharpens the desire it seems to repel.

Meanwhile, notwithstanding the instinctive shuddering which passed, like a sudden omen of coming ill, through the frame of Marina each time that loathsome presence approached her, notwithstanding the poisonous praises of the maiden's rare beauty that fell from those vampire lips, and the blaspheming hints

that followed or informed them, no glimpse of the nature of her true situation had yet struck upon the thoughts of that incarnate innocence. All was mystery; a terrible sense of some strange vague danger hourly impending over her, but no shadow foreshowing its form, or the quarter whence it would come. So far, indeed, was she from comprehending the perils that beset her in that black abode of infamy and sin, that when, on the second day of her sojourn under its foul roof, she heard at her side the sickly voice of its presiding demon, bidding her prepare to receive presently, there where she sat, the visit of a great and wealthy lord of the city, she for the first time felt its scrannel tones fall on her sense without offending it; and the very words which told her that the dreaded danger was approaching, seemed to inspire a hope that deliverance was at hand.

So soon as that foul creature had spoken her hurried errand, announcing the coming of

the stranger lord, and had beseeched Marina (in words which, though they were utterly unintelligible to her, fell upon her ear with an ominous sound) to give him a fair and fitting reception, she left the apartment; and in a brief space the door again opened, and there entered a personage of noble bearing, and dignified aspect; grave withal—though in the bloom of life. He approached Marina where she sat motionless, with eyes bent on the ground. She lifted them, however, as he drew near to her, and instantly on looking upon him, she started to her feet, and going rapidly towards him, fell on her knees, and seizing his hand, exclaimed,

"You have come to save me! I knew it. I knew that the good Gods could not utterly forget or forsake me."

"Save you? from what, pretty one?" asked the stranger, kindly, but slightingly, as he looked down upon her where she knelt at his feet, gazing upward at him with an earnest

and intense expression, like that with which worshipping mortals gaze upward at the sculptured images of their gods. "Save you? from what?" he repeated, for she spake not.

"Nay, I know not," she cried, "but 'tis something fatal. I feel it in my soul, now, as you look upon me:" for, as she still knelt before him, and held his hand, he gazed down upon her divine beauty, with eyes in which the earthly passion that brought him thither, had thrown a light that the pure and divine nature of that beauty did not wholly quench.

"What is it you fear, and whom?" continued he, placidly, while Marina, rising from where she knelt, resumed the seat she had occupied on his entrance. "It is not me you fear? I am here to love and cherish you. You are very beautiful."

As he spake he looked upon her as a father might look upon a beloved child, and the look reassured and steadied her wavering thoughts.

"You have come," she resumed, "to take me from this place, where vague terrors beset me that are ten times more terrible than the distinct ones in the midst of which I was brought hither. I know not what threatens me, and I would not know; but——" and she again fell upon her knees before him, "take me hence! I beseech—I conjure—I command you!"

As she spoke these last words she once more rose to her feet, assumed an erect posture, and looked upon him with an air of proud and majestic innocence, blended with a touch of weeping and beseeching pathos, that moved at once his admiration and pity, and banished all remaining vestiges of that mere earthly passion which had for a moment blinded him to the true character of the young creature that stood before him.

"Take me hence!" she again exclaimed, as he continued to look upon her with mingled wonder and curiosity, but without speaking.

"Take me from beneath this foul roof! I know not what it is that I dread beneath it, but my dread grows greater every moment. And even you, who are here to save me from its terrors, I dare not look steadfastly even upon you. There is that within your eyes—or was——"

As she spoke, she looked at him for a moment; a flush of confidence passed across her face; and she resumed, in a triumphant tone,—

"No; 'tis gone! and I am safe in your presence. Safe? I am blest and happy!"

As she spake, tears came into her eyes; she looked at him timidly for a few moments, as he stood gazing silently upon her; and then, she threw herself into his arms, and clung to him as if it had been a daughter or a sister long severed from a father's or a brother's embrace.

The Lord Lysimachus had great power and influence in Mitylene, and when he signified

his intention of immediately removing Marina from the foul place in which he had found her, no obstacle was thrown in the way of his will, especially as his visits were made there in strict privacy, and it was therefore not doubted that he would reimburse these wretched traffickers in human vileness, even in the full sum they had paid to the pirates for the possession of Marina.

Accordingly, without waiting to learn a word of Marina's story, Lysimachus immediately and hastily departed from that spot, as if he felt that some strange and dreadful danger awaited his longer stay there; and the now happy maiden accompanied him silently, but in full-hearted ease, without seeking, or even desiring, to know whither he was conducting her. Had it been to the jaws of a living tomb she had cared not, so it removed her for ever from the power and the presence of that poisonous woman.

Chapter XIII.

Let us now return to the unhappy Pericles, who is once more a wanderer upon the face of the desolate waters; his own soul more desolate than they, but that one vague image seems to haunt and fly before it everywhere, keeping fixed to one point the spiritual life within him, that would else dissipate into blank vacuity.

The wise and good Helicanus, seeing the nature of his lord's new malady, believed that by giving to his distempered thoughts—or to the small remnant of them that was left to him—a specific object, he would prevent them from sinking into that utter stagnation,

from which, when it once possesses the stricken mind, there is no escape or relief. He believed that by keeping alive the *heart* of Pericles, he might, by reason of its mysterious union with the intellect, preserve both from the spiritual death that so imminently threatened them. And to this end he saw no instrument so effectual as Hope; which, indeed, was not wholly extinguished within himself, touching the fate of Marina. He therefore taught Pericles (who, though he spoke no words, yielded to his gentle care in all things, as an infant yields to its tender nurse) to see before him, in the far-distance, a dim image of his lost child; which, though it seemed ever to flee before him as his thoughts pursued it over the smooth waters, was still and ever *there;* there, in the soft haze of the ascending morn; there, amidst the descending glories of the sun at eventide; there, in the quick glimmerings of the moonlight; there, among the stars, as they grew

out of the sky when the moon was beneath the waters.

And so, day after day, and week after weary week, they sailed on and on, without any sound issuing from the lips of the bereaved Prince, but only those deep-drawn sighs which, while they told his grief, helped in some sort to temper it; since every one of them, in telling of a baffled hope, told also that hope itself was not dead within him. There he sat, or reclined, day by day, and night after night, upon a luxurious couch beneath the tent that had been erected on the deck of that gallant vessel, hoping on patiently, against hope, but uttering no word; save that sometimes, in the utter stillness of the night, when no one, not even his faithful Helicanus, was near him, he would step out from beneath his tent, and whisper to the passing waves the name of his sea-born child, Marina, as if he hoped that the sound of that name might perchance conjure up to his

bodily sight the same image which it ever gave to his otherwise sightless brain.

Though trusty messengers had been dispatched by Helicanus to every port and island that they neared, in search of tidings (hopeless as he believed that search) which might lead to a knowledge of the fate of the lost princess, he had not troubled the now tranquil grief of his royal patient with any note of his inquiries, deeming that time, while confirming his great sorrow, might gradually assuage it, by silently teaching him (as in the case of his lost Thaisa) to think of his child as if she were dead.

And to this point had the grief-born malady of Pericles reached when their vessel arrived off the coast of Mitylene; the Prince having never once uttered an audible word since he quitted that fatal spot, on the shore of Tharsus, where he had, at one and the same instant, found and lost the one living hope of his existence.

No sooner had the stately vessel of Pericles anchored in sight of Mitylene than a restlessness took possession of him, which greatly grieved Helicanus, since it weakened that hope of his lord's recovery which his late tranquil demeanour had nourished. Instead of steadfastly and with calm features looking forth into the dim distance, as Pericles had hitherto done while their vessel was careering before the wind on its gallant course, he now, by fits and starts, rose from his couch beneath the tent, and came out upon the deck, peering everywhere about, with restless, inquiring eyes, as one who has suddenly discovered the loss of something that is precious to him. Moreover, he would now hang over the side of the vessel for many minutes together, looking down strait into the depth of the sparkling waters, as if something met or avoided his gaze there; and Helicanus immediately perceived that his malady had assumed a new phase; that his imagination was once more

figuring forth the sad array of images which attended the ominous birth of his Marina; and that the fatal event which followed it was again present to him.

And so it was, but divested of its terrors, and seen, as we sometimes see fearful objects in a dream, without fearing them, or seeming to feel that they are invested with anything to fear. Pericles was indeed looking down into the dim depths beside the anchored vessel, as it heaved under the swelling waters, and trying if he could catch one *last* look at the rude receptacle which, sixteen years ago, received and presently bore away from his straining sight all that was then dear to it; and, for the moment, he had forgotten that any other affection had since occupied his bereaved heart.

Meanwhile the messengers from the vessel, having reported the name and rank of Pericles and Helicanus, and the occasion of their visit to that shore, the governor of Mitylene,

attended by the chief lords of his court, Lysimachus among them, repaired on board the Tyrian bark, to tender their respects to its royal master, who instantly, on perceiving their approach, retired to the innermost recesses of his tent; and Helicanus felt that it would be vain as cruel to allow any intrusion on his grief. He therefore received the Lords of Mitylene with all courtesy, but signified to them the unhappy state of his royal patient, and explained to them its cause, as a reason for not conducting them to the presence of Pericles, or even announcing to him their advent.

While conversing on the melancholy nature of the intellectual malady which afflicted the royal Wanderer, and the strange feature by which it exhibited itself in the present instance,—namely, the wordless and death-like silence of the sufferer, which they all agreed was likely to aggravate rather than allay the ills over which it brooded,—Lysimachus in-

quired of Helicanus whether he had tried the effect of music, in melting the seemingly frozen fountains of tears and of speech; "between which," he said, "there existed some mysterious sympathy which, if awakened into life by the voice of melody, might cause the two streams once more to flow forth in a health-giving current of life and joy."

Helicanus replied by explaining the absence, on board their vessel, of all appliances for such a purpose, but expressed his faith in the tales he heard told of music's power in medicining the ailments of the mind. On which Lysimachus proceeded to say that there was a foreign maiden dwelling in Mitylene, whose art and voice conjoined were the delighted wonder of all who heard them, and might move a soul that was in thrall to death itself: and he beseeched Helicanus to let him return to the city, and fetch this strangely-gifted creature, to essay her power upon the afflicted Prince.

Helicanus knew not what course to take; for he had determined in no particular to curb or constrain the will of his royal master, who, he was well assured, would not voluntarily quit the recesses of his tent while a single stranger remained on board the vessel. After considering for a few moments, however, and inquiring as to the station and calling of the maiden, he arranged with Lysimachus that, after the Governor and his attendants had returned on shore, Lysimachus himself should, if she were willing, bring the maiden on board, and they would then consult as to the course best to be pursued in carrying their experiment into effect.

Chapter XIV.

It should here be noted that when Lysimachus had so nobly freed Marina from the terrible dangers that beset her, and had placed her in safety under the care of his own sister, who occupied a suite of apartments in his palace, he the next day solicited permission to visit her,—intending to learn her story, in the hope of being able to restore her to those friends from whom, he felt assured, nothing but the most strange and unwonted circumstances could have dissevered her.

Marina immediately received him, in the presence of his sister, and with a grave sweetness, blended with an expression of deep and

almost tearful gratitude, which gave to her stately and almost supernatural beauty a character which at once brought it to the level of that human love above which it had hitherto seemed to soar, as if on wings. In his interview with her on the previous night, that mere earth-bred passion with which he had for a moment looked upon her, had been instantly and utterly dissipated, by the scene which had passed between them; and during the brief tumult of that scene, he had scarcely looked upon her at all; being wholly absorbed in his honourable desire of instantly rescuing her from that danger, and removing her from that pollution, which, he never for a single moment doubted, she herself had had no share in incurring. When, therefore, Lysimachus looked upon Marina now, he seemed to see her for the first time.

In truth, there had passed into the face of that fair creature, during the brief period between her deliverance from the unknown

dangers of the previous night, and the presence of her deliverer, a something which, under different circumstances, it might have taken the work of years to generate—a metamorphosis like one of those which the poets of her country have described, as suddenly changing the very nature of the being subjected to it, yet leaving it even more human than before. In a word, the glowing picture—the breathing statue—the bright and blooming *girl*, of yesterday, had been transmuted, by the mingled influence of gratitude, admiration, and incipient love, into the radiant and perfect *woman*;—and as Lysimachus looked upon her as she rose to meet him on his entrance to his sister's apartment, a new sense seemed to come to him, which made him at once forget the object of his errand.

Yet was there something blended with the feelings both of Lysimachus and Marina during this brief meeting, which made them wish it to have an end,—each seeming every

moment to fear that the other would speak something which would break the mysterious spell that had taken possession of their souls—or rather, that seemed to have now for the first time conjured up a soul within them.

Having silently communed with herself for a brief space after the hasty departure of Lysimachus, Marina suddenly addressed herself to his sister, and preferred a request that she might be permitted to quit the splendours that surrounded her, and might be allowed, if the customs of their island sanctioned it, to exercise, with a view to satisfying her few and humble wants, those feminine arts, of music, singing, and embroidery, which she had learned in the distant land whence she came.

This request led to inquiries respecting her story and her condition; to which she replied that her country was Tharsus, but that she had never known her parents. And as she evidently desired to speak no further on

these topics, they were not pressed upon her.

Marina's strange request that she might immediately leave the palace, and seek a home for herself, was conveyed to Lysimachus by his sister,—who was not a little surprised when, on learning what had passed respecting the maiden's birth and station, he threw no obstacle in the way of her desire;—on the contrary, he suggested the most fitting means of carrying her wishes into effect; and the next day found Marina in a humble dwelling, provided with all things needful to her comfort by the care of Lysimachus and his sister, and also accompanied (to her evident delight) by a staid matron from the household of Lysimachus, who acted towards her in the double capacity of attendant and friend. And thus Marina had remained, apparently happy in the calm monotony of her seclusion, —which was only broken by occasional visits from the sister of Lysimachus, and a few of

the noble matrons of Mitylene, who, through her intervention, brought their daughters to be instructed in the beautiful arts which Marina practised with a perfection never before witnessed in that city.

On one or two occasions, Lysimachus had accompanied his sister in her visits to the young and gifted stranger. But lately, though a thoughtful air, amounting almost to sadness, had seemed to his fond sister to be growing more and more over the gay and brilliant spirit of her noble brother, she could never persuade him to renew those visits, in which he had at first seemed to take so much pleasure. Indeed, on the last occasion of his accompanying his sister to the residence of Marina, he had been moved and affected as she had never before seen him, by a song of her childhood, which the maiden had offered to sing them: and from that day Lysimachus could never again be persuaded to join his sister in her visits to the beautiful orphan of Tharsus.

Thus then matters stood when Lysimachus determined that, accompanied by his sister, he would seek the stranger maiden, explain to her the occasion of their visit, and ask her to essay the power of her divine art upon the afflicted Prince, the news of whose arrival off their coast, though it had made so much stir in Mitylene, had not reached the calm seclusion of Marina's new home.

Somewhat to the surprise of Lysimachus, Marina readily, and almost eagerly, consented to accompany them on this strange but gentle errand. And now, behold the three, approaching the vessel of Pericles, just as the glowing sun is slowly sloping towards the western horizon, and clothing the whole face of the waters with a garment of molten gold.

Chapter XV.

During the absence of Lysimachus the good Helicanus has visited the retirement of Pericles, and found that although no material change has taken place in his malady, a deeper calm seems to rest upon his afflicted spirit than has been observable since their departure from Tharsus; and he is tempted to augur favourably of his condition, and is less doubtful than before as to the prudence of the experiment proposed by Lysimachus.

Meantime the barge which conveys the little party approaches the vessel, unseen by Pericles, though he has once more left the inner recesses of his tent, and is seated on his

couch, looking forth upon the open sea: for the tide has changed the position of the vessel in respect of the city, and the approaching barge will reach it without being visible to the royal mourner. It *has* so reached it, gliding softly over the waveless waters; and, in compliance with a signal from Helicanus, the party ascend the side, without speech or audible sound.

Lysimachus and Helicanus talk apart in whispers for a few minutes, and then Helicanus enters the tent of Pericles; while Lysimachus joins his sister and Marina, and speaks to them, still in whispers that are only audible to those for whom they are syllabled. Lysimachus and his sister then retire to a seat some distance back, behind the tent of Pericles, and Marina advances towards the opening of the tent, bearing in her hands a lyre.

Before she strikes it, let us enter the tent, where Pericles and Helicanus are sitting in

silence, the one looking forth with an intent calm upon the calm waters that stretch out interminably beneath his gaze; while the other gazes upon *him*, from beneath bent brows that speak a desire to penetrate into the very soul of him on whom they bend.

Hark! a sound!—Is it a sound? or the silence that comes of the momentary stillness of the waters that ever lapse softly against the vessel's side? No—a sound floats past the opening of the tent, and trembles away into silence, in the liquid air beyond.—Again! And this time it enters the tent where Pericles is sitting, and seems to fill it with a fine essence, that blends with his spirit, unconsciously to the sufferer, but not without showing its subtle influence to the searching eyes of Helicanus.

As the sweet sounds swell and gather strength, yet without for a moment losing their softness, an almost evanescent smile rises for an instant round the sad, patient mouth of

Pericles, and then is lost where it rose, and his face relapses into that utter calm which has something even more awful in it than that which dwells upon the face of the dead.

The preluding music has ceased; but, at a motion of the hand of Helicanus on the outer curtain of the tent, it recommences, and there is blended with it, after the vibration of the first few notes, a new sound, as of a human voice;—for nothing else was ever yet so searching sweet—sweet as the honey of Hybla—searching as the sting that guards it. And see! as it penetrates and pervades the air about him, the countenance of Pericles awakens as if from sleep; the calm and the sadness are gone from it; the lips are apart; the late glazed eyes have life within them; and the whole face listens intently.

After a brief space the voice and the instrument cease together. And then, Pericles turns to Helicanus, where he is sitting, and

speaks—for the first time since they quitted the shores of Tharsus.

"Helicanus, what is this? Have I dreamed? Or did I hear the sound of strange, sweet music?"

"My Lord did not dream," said Helicanus; "the sounds he heard——"

"Will they return?" asked Pericles, interrupting his reply.

"They will, at my Lord's pleasure."

"But the voice?" cried Pericles, eagerly. "There was a voice among them—not a human voice, but one from heaven—will *that* return? No, no—I must have dreamed it. I have dreamed something like it before."

"All will return at my Lord's will," said Helicanus, though he almost doubted, from this unlooked-for result of his experiment, whether he might dare to increase the strange excitement, by continuing it.

"But the voice?" resumed Pericles—"Will that return? No, no. I have listened for it

lately, at night, upon the still waters. No—it is beneath them—it cannot come again. Sixteen years it has been mute——"

Helicanus perceived that Pericles, as he spoke these last words musingly, to himself, was relapsing into that deadly calm which he now dreaded more than the strange excitement into which the singing and the music of the maiden had awakened him; and by another motion with his hand upon the curtain of the tent, he caused the sounds without to be resumed—the voice of the singer prevailing among them more audibly than heretofore.

Pericles listened with rapt delight as before; but, at the first pause, his countenance fell, and he turned to Helicanus quickly, and again spoke.

"Helicanus, What is this? whence is it? Trifle not with my sorrows. This renewed memory of the dead, kills the hope that you have taught me to cherish for the living."

Helicanus now saw that the time was come when all the mystery attending his experiment must be banished.

"The sounds my dear Lord has heard," said he, "are bred of the voice and hand of a simple maiden of Mitylene. The fame of her wondrous skill was reported to me, and I hoped it might please my dear Lord to hear her."

"A maiden of Mitylene? Where is she?" inquired Pericles eagerly.

"She is without," replied Helicanus, "accompanied by a lady of the island, who protects and watches over her; for she is an orphan, and strangely beautiful."

"Let me see her!" cried Pericles. "Yet stay. You knew my lost Thaisa—No, no."—Then, after a musing pause, he repeated slowly, "Let me see this maiden."

Chapter XVI.

Helicanus immediately left the tent; and with him went from Pericles all vestige and memory of the images and feelings which the voice of Marina had conjured up in his benighted soul; which seemed once more a blank—voiceless, passionless, dead to all things within and without, except to the one calm vague Hope, that now came back to brood there, after its late flutterings abroad,—as the Dove came back to the Ark, after its vain flight over the waste of waters. And when Helicanus again entered the tent, followed by Marina and the sister of Lysima-

chus, he was stricken with disappointment and grief, at seeing his royal master seated on his couch, his eyes directed towards the distant horizon, but, in all other respects wrapped in that blank vacuity which had possessed him ever since their departure from Tharsus, except during the brief interval above described.

The entrance of Helicanus and the two strangers did not in any manner move Pericles from the stony stillness in which he sat; nor did he reply, by look or motion, when Helicanus signified to him that the maiden he had desired to see stood before him. Out upon the distant waters he continued to gaze silently; while the sad patience pictured on his noble countenance, seemed to tell that all the realities of the outward world were as nothing to him, in presence of those blessed shadows which brooded over his brain, and with their immortal wings winnowed away those harpy

thoughts which had else dis-seated his reason from her throne.

On Helicanus' perceiving the condition of his royal patient, he spoke for some time apart with Marina, and then the maiden advanced slowly towards Pericles, and stood beside him for a few moments in silence. But he seemed totally unconscious of her presence, and still looked forth silently on the silent sea. She then spoke, in a soft, low voice, which something within her—she knew not what—seemed to touch with a sweetness that almost brought tears into her own eyes as she heard it.

"Will my Lord please to hear the finish of the poor song I sang but now?"

She had not pronounced half these few words, ere Pericles started, as if some magic influence had touched his inmost soul. His face again awakened into eager life, and as she ceased to speak, he looked towards the spot whence the sounds came, and beheld her

where she stood. A faint cry escaped his opened lips as he looked upon her, and then he sank upon the couch from which he had half risen, and his arms fell listlessly by his side, and his head drooped upon his breast. As suddenly, he roused himself as if with a strong effort, looked upon her again for a moment, and then pressed both his hands upon his closed eyes.

"No, no," he exclaimed, mournfully—"the mad waves swallowed her.—Mad? It is I who am mad.—Why 'tis sixteen years ago! Yet 'tis a sweet madness!"

The tears which had risen to the eyes of Marina as she looked upon the Prince and addressed him, now flowed down her cheeks, at the sight of his great sorrow. But they did not prevent her from again speaking to him.

"Will not my Lord bid me sing to him again? If my Lord has sorrows, I can match them with my own."

"Again!" exclaimed Pericles—"'tis there again!" And now he started to his feet and removed his hands from before his eyes, and looked firmly upon the form and visage of Marina; and as he looked, all grief and its late wild accompaniment seemed, as it were, to melt away out of his countenance, and there passed into it, instead, a gleam of gracious joy, as if a new kind of life was kindling up within him.

"Who is it speaks to me?" he said, calmly: then hurriedly, as she seemed addressing herself to reply—"Do not answer me—I know it cannot be. And yet it is—*it shall be*—for a space at least—it is so very sweet." He looked at her tenderly, but intently, for a few moments, and then went on. "Pardon me, gentle maiden, if I gaze on you too rudely; but your voice has put a new seeing into mine eyes, and they clothe that which I look upon with the form and features proper to that voice alone. For so it must be. I dare not

think you *are* like that you seem like—though *to me* you grow more like, every moment as I look upon you. Oh, speak again, that the weet spell ma y last."

"My Lord's gentleness," said Marina, "and the sorrow that seems to blend with it, make me feel as if I could speak to him for ever, and tell him, for his comfort, of griefs—great, it may be, as his own."

"Griefs?" echoed the Prince, as he still gazed on her intently—at that word for the first time receiving any impression from the speech of the maiden, beyond the mere sound of that voice which seemed to fill all his soul. "Griefs? Well, I would hear of griefs—only of griefs—for joy cannot again come near me. Yet does that voice of thine call up the ghosts of buried joys, at every syllable it utters. Come, sit by me—here, by my side."

And he once more placed himself calmly on the couch, and motioned her to approach him;

which she did, without a thought of fear, and seated herself beside him.

"Come," he continued, in the same fond tone, his eyes constantly fixed upon her face as he spoke—"Come—we will talk of griefs; and I will tell you such as your soft nature cannot even guess at, and will not feel when told, or I would not tell them to you. I *can* tell them now, for your voice has loosened the spell that made them coil like serpents round my heart, and press it into silence. It feels now—now as I look upon you, and hear your voice—for I *do* hear it, though it speaks not—my heart, as I look upon you, feels like a heart of flesh. And see! it has sent tears into my eyes!" And he put his fingers to his eyes, and then looked upon them. "See—tears!—this has not been since——"

Here he stopped suddenly, and a shade passed over his face, and grew heavier each moment, until the voice of Marina once more dispelled it.

"Will it ease my Lord more to hear another's griefs, or to speak his own? Mine none have heard; for they are so sad and strange, I feared to tell them until now. But now, as I sit here by my Lord, fear seems to have left me, and I long to tell him—but no—his own sorrows press upon him too heavily for his gentleness to bear the weight of another's."

"Strange!" said Pericles, musingly, as she paused, and without seeming to have received the purport of her words—"Strange! she grows liker and more like, even as I look and listen to assure myself 'tis *not* so. Well, sweet one," he continued, after a brief pause, "I will tell you what has put this grief upon me, and you shall help to weep it away. I owe this to the voice that has opened the fountains of my own tears, and made them drop like pleasant balm on wounds that death alone can cure."

Marina folded her hands before her, looked intently up into his face, and addressed her-

self to listen meekly; and, after a brief pause, Pericles resumed.

"I am a King ——"

At these words a sudden movement of Marina, and an expression that passed over her face, attracted the attention of Pericles, and a faint and sad smile came and went as he continued:

"You thought, perchance, that kings were above the cares that kill those of common station. Believe it not. Men's griefs grow with their condition; and a king's are as much heavier and harder to bear than the beggar's at his gate, as his place is higher. I, maiden—I am a King—and to cure the double sorrow that consumes me, I would change conditions with that beggar, and feel myself blest in the change.—You shall hear. I was a King—the King of a People who loved me, and whom I loved. That is a blessed lot, maiden: but to love and have the love of a People, cannot fill and satisfy the human

heart—not even the heart of a King; for kings are men, and the heart of man is a throne where only *one* can sit. I sought that one, and found her, and was blest—blest for a whole brief year of blessedness. It was in foreign lands that I sought and found her, and not as a King; though she, a King's daughter, loved and gave herself to me."

At these last words Marina was again moved from that intent stillness with which she listened to the tale of Pericles. The light of a vague thought passed rapidly across her face—as the image of a shooting star flits over the surface of a still water. She scarcely knew the import of that thought; but it touched her more nearly than the other had done, and she listened more intently than ever.

"We wedded, and were one; and when she knew me as a King, she loved me the more that I had wooed and won her as a simple knight. Well—for a year—a long, brief year

—we lived upon our love, forgetting that which awaited us in the hearts of thousands, in the far-off land whence I had come. This was not well; for men's duties rise with their condition, and it is not given to kings to spend their lives upon themselves. It may be that for this the Gods saw fit to punish us. Well—we left the land of her birth, to seek mine, where troubles that only my presence could quell (so special missives informed me) made peremptory demand for my return. At this time ——"

Here he paused for a moment, but presently continued——

"I know not how it is—but I cannot name her name, not even to you, whose voice so minds me of her, that it makes me think you almost *look* like her."

He gazed at her mournfully, as he said this, and the tears that had come up into his eyes as he named in thought the name of his lost one, went down his thin, pale cheeks, and

he seemed shaken with a strange passion, as if he looked at once upon the living and the dead. He struggled with the feeling that seemed growing momently stronger within him, and then continued hurriedly, and as if opposing force to force.

"Well—at this period she was near to being a mother."

The last word died upon his lips, almost without reaching the intent ear of Marina; a passion of grief overcame him, that he made no effort to conceal; and that stately man wept audibly before the watching maiden, like a suffering child. But there was balm in those copious tears, that almost cured the ills from which they sprang. He had not fairly wept till now, and as the bitter waters welled forth, they seemed to soften the image over which they flowed, as the flowing waters of the sea soften into fairness the form of the sunken rock over which they flow.

When he had wept for a space, Pericles

seemed to awaken as if with a new heart in his breast; the weight and the pain had gone from it, and the stony hardness which had of late refused to receive any impress from without, had softened into that sympathy with other hearts which is the only sure and sovereign medicine for all human ills. He turned to Marina, as she sat gazing on him with a yearning sympathy which precluded speech or thought, and smiling upon her fondly, took the small hand that lay on the couch beside him, and said—

"Forgive this selfishness of sorrow, which is its worst ill, and worst in great ones, who should controul or conquer it. You spoke of griefs; but your soft sympathy with mine has made you forget them. Tell them to me. It may be I can help or cure them: it were poor to be a King else."

"But your own, Sir?" replied Marina, anxiously. "May I not know the end of them? Indeed, as yet you have told me only

of your joys' completion. But alas! *that* seems the point whence sorrows have their natural birth. The lady whom you loved and wedded, and ——"

"Not now," interrupted Pericles. "Hereafter—to-morrow. Suffice it now that—that I lost her—that I have lost her a second time in her child—that—Not now—do not ask me—for I feel that I *must* do what that voice of yours bids me, even though it be to wring your gentle nature with my own selfish griefs. Now tell me *your* griefs, that I may try to cure them. You have made me—I know not how—once more a King—in vain, if I cannot help to make others happy."

Chapter XVII.

Marina paused for a few moments, as if to commune with herself, and collect her thoughts; and then she spoke.

"'Till now I have not told my sorrows, even to the noble friends who have saved me from worse. My story is so strange, that I feared even they might doubt its truth, none being by to verify it. And they have been so nobly good to me, that I could not bear to let them couple me with falseness, even in thought. But something tells me that he who hears me now will *know* that what I speak is true—even as the gods do when I speak it at their altars: he will feel—

—because he is all truth himself—that what I speak is true, even though I tell him that, sitting here beside him, poor, friendless, homeless, without a name, without a country, it may be without one living creature to know or care for me — I am nevertheless the daughter of a King, and of a King's daughter."

She was about to proceed; but at these last words, Pericles suddenly motioned with his hand, to stay her. Up to this moment, he had listened so intently to her *voice*, that the words it uttered had conveyed to his hearing only that vague sense which the words we hear in dreams leave upon the waking ear. But these last words — he heard no voice with *them*, but only the words themselves— "*I am the daughter of a King, and of a King's daughter.*"

What should he do? Hear more, or question her? — Her voice? — Her look?— What were they but the creatures of his dis-

tempered fancy? Oh! 'twere the worst madness of all to hope! And yet he did hope; but silently; and he motioned her to proceed; for he dared not trust himself with speech. But mark the change that a few brief words had worked. That voice, he heard it no more—those fair looks, he saw them not. His whole soul, and all his corporeal senses, were bent to one single point—her WORDS! "The daughter of a King, and of a King's daughter." Those were the last:—what would be the next?

Meanwhile she proceeded—

"My lord stayed my speech, when I said that I was the daughter of a King, and of a King's daughter. But he does not doubt my truth: I see he does not. Yet how shall I confirm it to him? for even if my royal parents were here now before me, I could not know them, nor they me. Alas! I speak as if they *could* be here;—but one of them—the dearest, for that she died for me—cannot be. She is

beneath the waters—those very waters—so cruel, yet so gentle—that hushed the infant to its first slumbers, while they bore away its mother so utterly, that even a daughter's piety can never find her grave to weep over."

Again Pericles suddenly and peremptorily stopped the maiden in her story: and now he spoke—not without a mingling of sternness in his voice.

"Maiden, you have been taught to say this —some busy meddler has been trifling with my griefs. Go — fetch hither the Lord Helicanus.—No, stay; let me look upon thee once more."

He looked upon her intently for a few moments, and then his sternness left him, and an almost weeping gentleness passed into his voice and manner, as he continued:—

"Falsehood? — It cannot touch thee—it cannot live in thy presence. And yet that presence and that voice—those words too—

all of them tell me—but it cannot be so—all of them bid me call thee by the name of my sea-born child—MARINA—my lost Thaisa's image!—'*The daughter of a King, and of a King's daughter!*'—ran it not so?"

It was now the maiden's turn to be lost, for a space, in blank and speechless wonder and incredulity. Had she heard aright? Her own name, and her dead mother's, pronounced by strange lips in a strange land? And yet not strange; for something in that sad, stately mourner, had drawn her to him as if with bands of flesh and blood.

As her mind was reaching vainly after the vague visions by which the words of Pericles had so suddenly encompassed it, he spoke again, thinking that *she* was about to speak.

"Do not answer me—in mercy do not! 'Twould kill me utterly, to kill the hope that has awakened a new life within me. I could have lived on without it, and did, by looking on its shadow. But now that I have felt the

substance pass into my soul—to tear it thence, or kill it there, would kill both. Once more, I look upon thee, and call thee my sea-born child, MARINA—image and essence of my lost Thaisa! Answer me now, but not in words—I cannot bear to hear thy voice again, if hers speak not in it. I am PERICLES of Tyre."

At the sound of that name, the maiden uttered an indistinct cry of joy, and the next moment she threw herself into the arms of her father, who, as he strained her to his bosom, lifted up his eyes and his heart to the Gods, in speechless gratitude, that words could not interpret.

Chapter XVIII.

The wonder and delight of the good Helicanus, the suppressed joy of the nobl Lysimachus, and the voluble pleasure of his kind sister, at the result of their happy experiment, need not be told. By the time the brief details of what had happened in Mitylene had been related to Pericles, and the noble conduct of Lysimachus made known to him (the fearful occasion of which moved the Prince to an imaginary terror, almost as strong as if the danger had still to be undergone), the day wore to its close, and the Royal Wanderer, exhausted by long watching, and by the strong excitements of the last few

hours, sank into a profound sleep; soothed thereto by the hushing sounds of his Marina's lute, as they blended with the liquid murmurs of the waves that whispered against the vessel's side.

But the sleep of Pericles, though deep, was happily not dreamless; for the thought of his child's peril in that foul place where her strange fortunes had carried her, blended with the last movements of his waking brain, and bred a vision there which bad him not seek his distant home, and end his Wanderings, till he had duly offered his grateful thanksgivings at the shrine of the chaste Diana, in her great Temple at far Ephesus; and on awaking in the morning of the morrow, with a new heart in his bosom, and a new life in his veins, he directed that the vessel should be turned thitherward without delay.

And now behold the happy Three, bound to that shore where, sixteen years ago, the bitter griefs of Pericles had begun, and where they

are now to end in a bliss more strange and perfect than the sorrows themselves out of which it grew.

But words were not made to describe the wondering joy that awaited the Royal Wanderers, on reaching Ephesus, and tendering their grateful homage at the altar of the chaste Goddess:—nor need it be told, to those who have listened to the early events of our simple history, and know that it is the long-lost Thaisa herself who administers the sacred duties of that pure altar. Suffice it that three such happy creatures as that day offered up their hearts in thankfulness to the Gods, were never yet found except among those who have drunk long and deep of the cup of human sorrow.

And now, the Wanderings of Prince Pericles once more lead him to his beloved Tyre, never again to leave it, or to leave tasting there that tranquil joy which transcends all transport. For not even in that

blessed hour which first saw his Thaisa fill the hitherto vacant seat beside him on his now perfect throne, nor on that blissful day which gave their Marina to him who had so nobly saved her, did the stream of Pericles' joy rise above that happy level on which bloom the sweetest flowers of human life, and, overflowing which, the stream misses its true course, and strays from its appointed end.

So terminate, for the present, our Chatsworth Nights' Entertainments. Whether they shall be renewed, and "The Romance of of a Week" be extended, some day or other, to a Fortnight, must depend (as it ought) on the will and pleasure of those who may still affect such old-fashioned simplicities.

THE END.

LONDON:
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